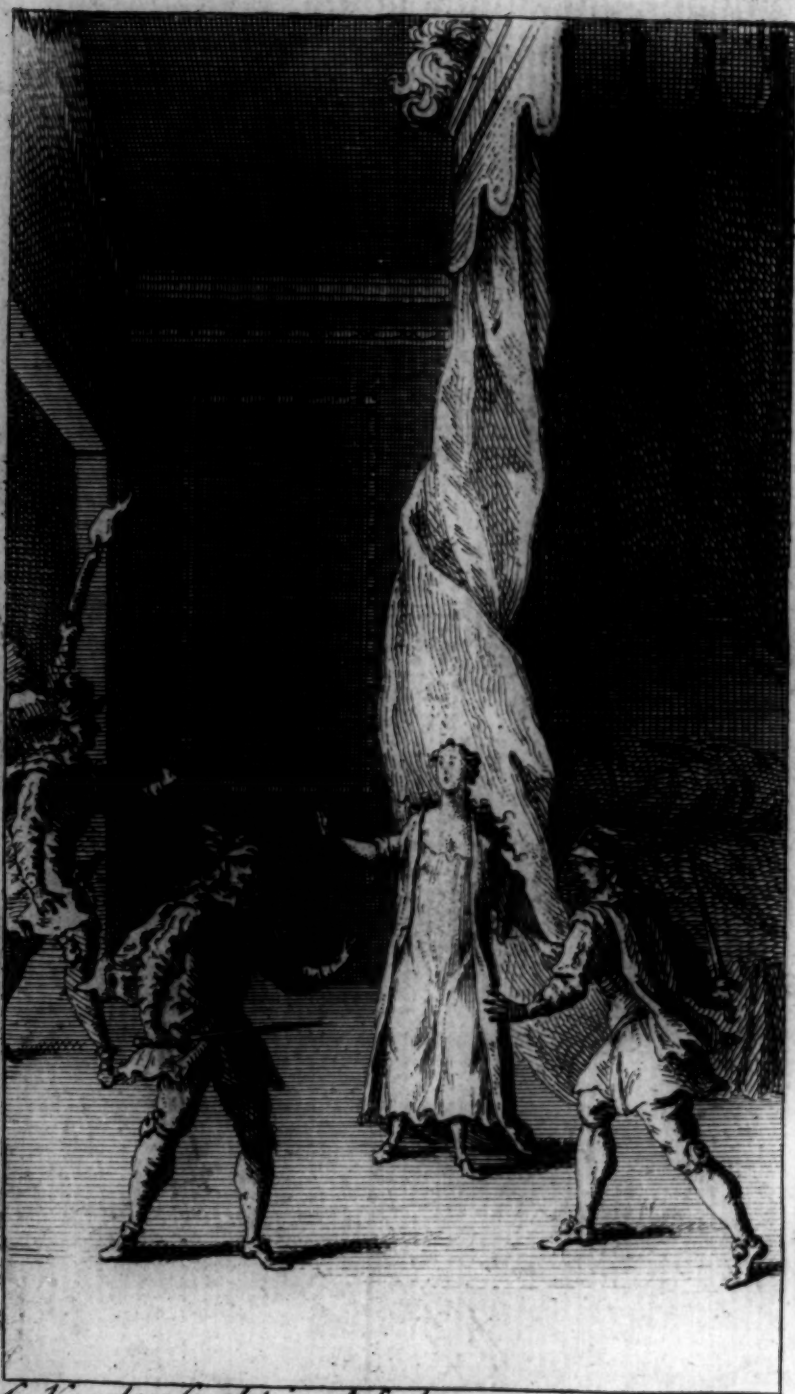
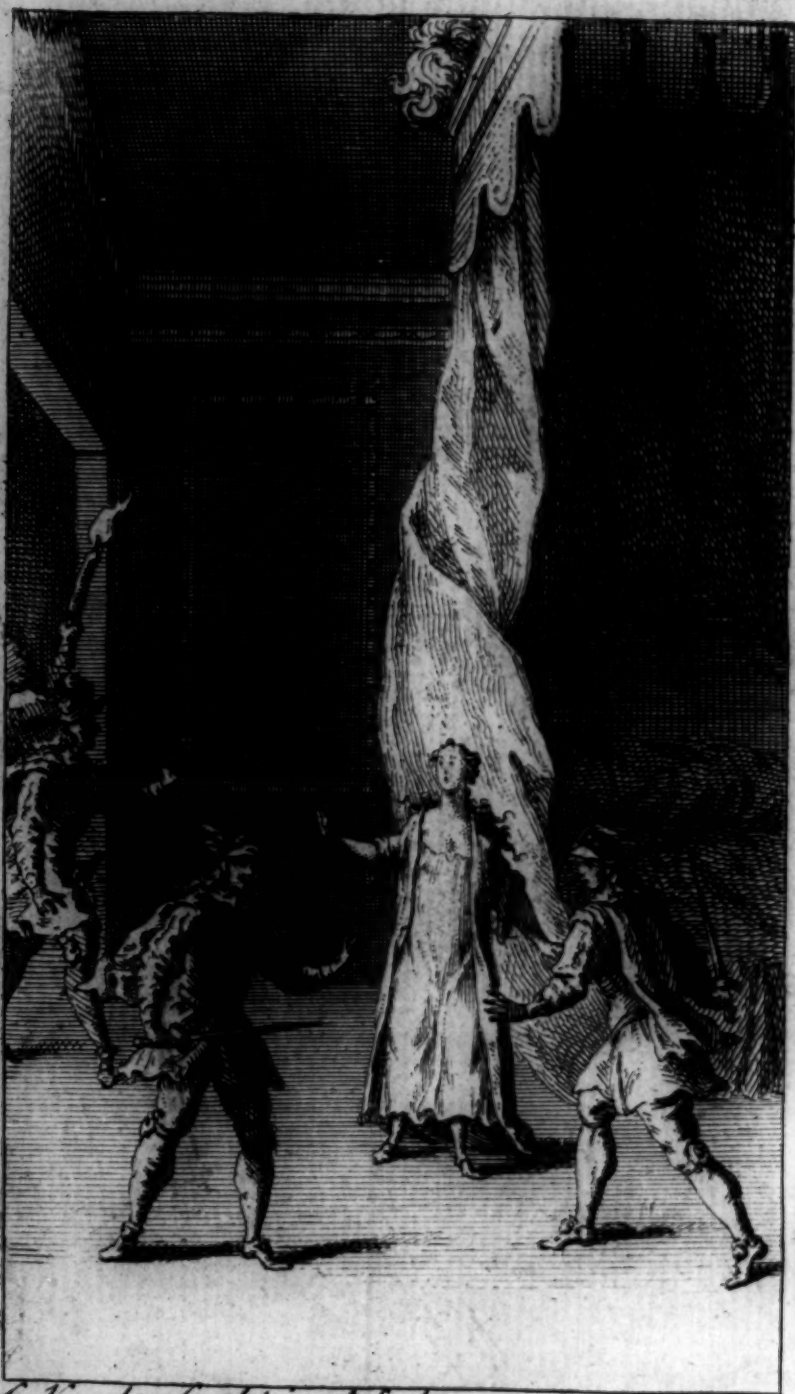




G. Vander gucht inv & sculp



G. Vander gucht inv & sculp

THE
FALSE FRIEND.

A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE ROYAL.
IN
DRURY-LANE.

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. RIVINGTON, C. SAY, T. NICOLL,
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1607/2671.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Capt. Griffin.

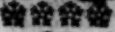
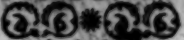
YOU dread Reformers of an impious Age,
You awful Cat-a-nine Tails to the Stage,
This once be just, and in our Cause engage.
To gain your Favour, we your Rules obey,
And treat you with a moral Piece to-day;
So moral, we're afraid 'twill damn the Play.
For tho' y'ave long been leagu'd (as People tell)
T'reduce the Power exorbitant of Hell;
No Troops you send, t'abate it in this Field,
But leave us still expos'd, to starve or yield.
Your Scouts indeed sometimes come stealing in,
T'observe this formidable Camp of Sin,
And whisper, if we'll piously declare,
What Aids you then will send to help us thro' the War.
To this we answer, We're a feeble State,
And cannot well afford to love or hate,
So shou'd not meddle much in your Debate.
But since your Cause is good, so far we'll go,
When Portugal declares, we'll do so too.
Our Cases, as we think, are much alike,
And on the same Conditions we should strike:
Send to their Aid a hundred Men of War,
To ours a hundred Squadrons of the Fair;
Rig out your Wives and Daughters all around,
(I mean wh' are fit for Service, tight and sound)
And for a Proof our Meaning is sincere,
See but the Ships are good, and if you fear
A want of Equipage, we'll man them here.

A 3

These

PROLOGUE.

*These are the Terms on which you may engage
 The Poet's Fire, to batter from the Stage,
 Useful Ally! whose Friendship lets you in
 Upon the weak and naked Side of Sin
 Against your old Attack, the Foe prepar'd,
 Well fortify'd, and always on his Guard;
 The sacred Spot you send are flung in vain;
 By impious Hands, with insolent Disdain,
 They're gather'd up, and fir'd at you again.
 Thro' baffled Toils, and unsuccessful Cares,
 In Slaughter, Blood and Wounds, and pious Snares,
 I've made a Flanders War these fifteen hundred Years.
 Change then your Scheme, if you'll your Foe annoy,
 And the infernal Bajazet destroy:
 Our Aid accept,
 We've gentler Stratagems which may succeed;
 We'll tickle 'em, where you wou'd make 'em bleed:
 In Sounds less harsh we'll teach 'em to obey;
 In softer Strains the evil Spirit lay,
 And steal their Immorality away.*



EPI.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.

*W*HAT say you, Sirs, d'ye think my Lady'll 'scape?
'Tis dev'lish hard to stand a Fav'rite's Rape.
Shou'd Guzman, like Don John, break in upon her,
For all her Virtue, Heaven! have Mercy on her:
Her Strength, I doubt, 's in his Irresolution,
There's wond'rous Charms in vig'rous Execution.
Indeed you Men are Fools, you won't believe
What dreadful Things we Women can forgive:
I know but one we never do pass by,
And that you plague us with eternally;
When in your courtly Fears to disoblige,
You won't attack the Town which you besiege:
Your Guns are light, and planted out of Reach:
D'ye think with Billet-doux to make a Breach?
'Tis Small-Shot all, and not a Stone will fly:
Walls fall by Cannon, and by firing nigh:
In sluggish dull Blockades you keep the Field,
And starve us ere we can with Honour yield.
In short——
We can't receive those Terms you gently tender,
But storm, and we can answer our Surrender.





T H E
FALSE FRIEND.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Don John's Lodgings.*

Enter Don John beating Lopez.

Lop. **H**OLD, Sir, hold ; there's enough in all Conscience ; I'm reasonable, I ask no more ; I'm content.

Don John. Then there's a double Content, you Dog, and a Brace of Contents more into the Bargain. Now is't well ? *[Striking again and again.]*

Lop. O mighty well, Sir, you'll never mend it ; pray leave it as 'tis.

Don John. Look you, you Jackanapes, if ever I hear an Offer at your impertinent Advice again——

Lop. And why, Sir, will you stifle the most useful of my Qualifications ?

Don John. Either, Sirrah, I pass for a very great Blockhead with you, or you are pleas'd to reckon much upon my Patience.

Lop. Your Patience, Sir, indeed is great : I feel at this Time forty Proofs on't upon my Shoulders : But really Sir, I wou'd advise you to——

Don *John*. Again ! I can bear thee no longer. Here Pen and Ink, I'll give thee thy Discharge : Did I take you for a Valet, or a Privy-Counsellor, Sir ?

Lop. 'Tis confess'd, Sir, you took me but for humble Employment ; but my Intention was agreeably to surprize you with some superior Gifts of Nature, to your faithful Slave. I profess, my noble Master, a most perfect Knowledge of Men and Manners. Yours, gracious Sir, (with all respect I speak it) are not irreprehensible. And I'm afraid in Time, Sir, I am indeed, they'll riggle you into some ill-favour'd Affair, whence with all my Understanding I shall be puzzled to bring you off.

Don *John*. Very well, Sir.

Lop. And therefore, Sir, it is, that I, poor *Lopez* as I am, sometimes take leave to moralize.

Don *John*. Go, go, moralize in the Market-Place : I'm quite worn out. Once more, march.

Lop. Is the Sentence definitive ?

Don *John*. Positive.

Lop. Then pray let us come to account, and see what Wages are due.

Don *John*. Wages ! Refund what you have had, you Rascal you, for the Plague you have given me.

Lop. Nay, if I must lose my Money, then let me claim another Right ; Losers have leave to speak. Therefore advance, my Tongue, and say thy Pleasure ; tell this Master of mine, he shou'd die with shame at the Life he leads : So much unworthy of a Man of Honour : Tell him —

Don *John*. I'll hear no more.

Lop. You shall indeed, Sir.

Don *John*. Here, take thy Money, and be gone.

Lop. Counters all ; adieu you glittring Spangles of the World ; farewell ye Tempters of the Great, not me. Tell him —

Don *John*. Stay.

Lop. Go on ; tell him he's worse among the Women than a Ferret among the Rabbits : at one and all, from the Princess to the Tripe-Woman ; handsome, ugly, old Women and Children, all go down.

Don *John*.



Don John. Very well.

Lop. It is indeed, Sir, and so are the Stories you tell them to bring them to your Matters. The Handiome, she's all Divinity to be sure; the Ugly, she's so agreeable, were it not for her Virtue, she'd be over-run with Lovers; the light airy Flipflap, she kills him with her Motions; the dull heavy-tail'd Maukin melts him down with her Modesty; the scragged lean pale Face has a Shape for Destruction; the fat over-grown Sow has an Air of Importance; the tall awkward Trapes with her Majesty wounds; the little short Trundle-tail shoots a *Je-ne-say-quoy*: In a Word, they have all something for him——and he has something for them all.

Don John. And thus, you Fool, by a general Attack, I keep my Heart my own; lie with them that like me, and care not fix Pence for them that don't.

Lop. Well said, well said, a very pretty Amusement truly! But pray, Sir, by your leave (Ceremouy aside) since you are pleas'd to clear up into Conversation, what mighty Matters do you expect from boarding a Woman you know is already Heart and Soul engag'd to another?

Don John. Why I expect her Heart and Soul shou'd disengage in a Week. If you live a little longer with me, Sirrah, you'll know how to instruct your next Master to the Purpose; and therefore that I may charitably equip you for a new Service, now I'm turning you out of my own, I'll let you know, that when a Woman loves a Man best, she's in the most hopeful Way of betraying him; for Love, like Fortune, turns upon a Wheel, and is very much given to rising and falling.

Lop. Like enough: But as much upon the Weather-cock as the Ladies are, there are some the Wind must blow hard to fetch them about: When such a sturdy Husky falls in your Honour's Way, what Account may Things turn to then, an't please ye?

Don John. They turn to a Bottle, you Puppy.

Lop. I find they'll always turn to something; but when you pursue a poor Woman only to make her Lover jealous, what Pleasure can you take in that?

Don John. That Pleasure.

Lop.

Lop. Look you there again.

Don John. Why, Sirrah, d'you think there's no Pleasure in spoiling their Sport, when I can't make my own?

Lop. O; to a good-natur'd Man, be sure there must; but suppose, instead of 'fending and proving with his Mistress, he shou'd come to——a——parrying and thrusting with you; what becomes of your Joy then, my noble Master?

Don John. Why do you think I'm afraid to fight, you Rascal?

Lop. I thought we were talking of what we lov'd, not what we fear'd, Sir.

Don John. Sir, I love every thing that leads to what I love most.

Lop. I know, Sir, you have often fought upon these Occasions.

Don John. Therefore that has been no stop to my Pleasures.

Lop. But you have never been kill'd once, Sir; and when that happens, you will for ever lose the Pleasure of——

Don John. [*striking him.*] Breaking your Head, you Rascal, which will afflict me heartily. See who knocks so hard. [*Knocking.*]

Lop. Somebody that thinks I can hear no better, than you think I can feel.

Enter Don Guzman.

Don Guz. *Don John de Alvarada*, is he here?

Lop. There's the Man. Shew me such another if you can find him. [*Aside.*]

Don Guz. *Don John*, I desire to speak with you alone.

Don John. You may speak before this Fellow, Sir, he's trusty.

Don Guz. 'Tis an Affair of Honour, Sir.

Don John. Withdraw, *Lopez*.

Lop. Behind the Door I will, and no farther. [*Aside.* This Fellow looks as if he came to save me a broken Head. [*Lopez retires.*]

Don Guz. I call myself *Don Guzman de Torrellas*, you know

know what Blood I spring from ; I am a Cadet, and by Consequence not rich ; but I am esteem'd by Men of Honour : I have been forward to expose myself in Battles abroad, and I have met with Applause in our Feasts at home.

Lop. So much by Way of Introduction. [*Aside.*

Don John, I understand your Merit, Sir, and shou'd be glad to do as much by your Business.

Don Guz. Give Attention, and you'll be instructed. I love *Leonora*, and from my Youth have done so. Long she rejected my Sighs, and dispis'd my Tears, but my Constancy at last hath vanquish'd. I have found the Way to her Heart, and nothing is wanting to compleat my Joy, but the Consent of her Father, whom I cannot yet convince, that the Wants in my Fortune are recompens'd by the Merits of my Person.

Lop. He's a very dull Fellow indeed. [*Aside.*

Don Guz. In the mean while the Object of my Vows is a Sharer in my Grief, and the only Cordial we have is the Pleasure of a secret Conversation, thro' a small Breach I have made in a thin Partition that divides our Lodgings. I trust you, *Don John*, with this important Secret ; Friend or Enemy, you are noble, therefore keep it, I charge your Honour with it.

Lop. You cou'd not put it in better Hands. [*Aside.*

Don Guz. But more, my Passion for this Lady is not hid ; all *Valencia* is acquainted with my Wishes, and approves my Choice. You alone, *Don John de Alvarada*, seeming ignorant of my Vows, dare traverse my Amour.

Don John. Go on.

Lop. These Words import War ; lie close, *Lopez*. [*Aside.*

Don Guz. You are the *Argus* of our Street, and the Spy of *Leonora* ; whether *Diana* by her borrow'd Light, supplies the Absence of the *Astrea* of Day, or that the Shades of Night cover the Earth with impenetrable Darkness ; you still attend till *Aurora's* Return, under the Balcony of that adorable Beauty.

Don John. So.

Don Guz. Wherever she moves, you still follow as
her

her Shadow, at Church, at Plays : Be her Business with Heaven or Earth, your Importunity is such, you'll share it.

Lop. He is a forward Fellow, that's the Truth on't.

[Aside.]
Don Guz. But what's still farther, you take the Liberty to copy me ; my Words, my Actions, every Motion is no sooner mine, but yours. In short, you ape me, Don ; and to that Point, I once design'd to stab myself, and try if you wou'd follow me in that too.

Lop. No, there the Monkey wou'd have left you. *[Aside.]*

Don Guz. But to conclude,

Don John. 'Tis Time.

Don Guz. My Patience, Don, is now no more ; and I pronounce, that if henceforth I find you under *Leonora's* Window, who never wish'd, fond Man, to see you there, I by the Ways of Honour shall fix you in another Station. I leave you to consider on't. Farewel.

[Exit Don Guz.]

Don John. Hold, Sir, we had e'en as good do this honourable Deed now.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. No, pray, Sir, let him go, and may be you mayn't have Occasion to do it at all.

Don John. I thought at first the Coxcomb came upon another Subject, which wou'd have embarrass'd me much more.

Lop. Now this was a Subject wou'd have embarrass'd me enough in all Conscience.

Don John. I was afraid he came to forbid me seeing his Sister *Isabella*, with whom I'm upon very good Terms.

Lop. Why now that's a hard Case, when you have got a Man's Sister, you can't leave him his Mistress.

Don John. No, Changeling, I hate him enough, to love every Woman that belongs to him : and the Fool has so provok'd me by this Threatning, that I believe I shall have a Stroke at his Mother, before I think myself even with him.

Lop. A most admirable way to make up Accounts truly!

Don John.

Don John. A Son of a Whore! s'dearth, I did not care Sixpence for the Slut before, but now I'll have her Maidenhead in a Week, for fear the Rogue shou'd marry her in ten Days.

Lop. Mum; here's her Father: I'll warrant this old Spark comes to correct our Way of living too.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel. Don John!

Don John. Don Felix, do I see you in my poor Dwelling? Pray, to what lucky Accident do I owe this Honour?

Don Fel. That I may speak to you without Constraint, pray send away your Servant.

Lop. What the Pox have I done to 'em, they are all so uneasy at my Company? [Aside.]

Don John. Give us Chairs, and leave the Room.

Lop. If this old Fellow comes to quarrel with us too, he'll at least do us less Harm. [Aside.]

Don Fel. Won't you retire, Friend? [Looking behind.]

Don John. Be gone, Sirrah.

Lop. *aside.*] Pox take ye———you old Brig you: But I shall be even with you. [Lop. hides himself.]

Don Fel. You know me, Sir.

Don John. I do, Sir.

Don Fel. That I call myself——

Don John. Don Felix.

Don Fel. That I am of the House of——

Don John. Cabrera, one of the first of Valencia.

Don Fel. That my Estate is——

Don John. Great.

Don Fel. You know that I have some Reputation in the World.

Don John. I know your Reputation equals your Birth.

Don Fel. And you are not ignorant, that Heaven for the Consolation of my gray Hairs has given me an only Daughter, who is not deform'd.

Don John. Beauteous as Light.

Don Fel. Well shap'd, witty, and endow'd with——

Don John. All the good Qualities of Mind and Body.

Don Fel.

Don Fel. Since you are satisfy'd with all this, hearken, I pray, with Attention, to the Business that brings me hither.

Don John. I shall.

Don Fel. We all know, Don John, some by their own Experience, some by that of others, how nice a Gentleman's Honour is, and how easily tarnish'd; an *Eclairissement* manag'd with Prudence, often prevents Misfortunes that perhaps might be upon the Point of attending us. I have thought it my Duty to acquaint you, that I have seen your Designs upon my Daughter: You pass Nights entire under her Window, as if you were searching an Opportunity to get into my House; there is no body in the Town but has taken Notice of your Proceedings; you give the Publick a Subject for disadvantageous Discourse; and tho' in Reality *Leonora's* Virtue receives no Prejudice by it, her Reputation daily runs some Risque. My Years have taught me to judge right of Things; and yet I have not been able to decide what your End can be; you can't regard my Daughter on a foot of Gallantry, you know her Virtue, and my Birth too well; as for a Wife you seem to have no Thought, since you have yet made no Demand to me: What then is your Intention? You have heard perhaps, I have hearken'd to a Gentleman of *Toledo*, a Man of Merit. I own I have, and I expect him daily here; but, Don John, if 'tis that which hinders you from declaring in Form, I'll ease you of a great deal of Trouble, which the Customs of the World impose upon these Occasions, and, in a Word, I'll break with him, and give you *Leonora*.

Lop. Good.

[*Aside.*]

Don Fel. You don't answer me! what is't that troubles you!

Don John. That I have been such a Sot, old Gentleman, to hear you with so much Patience. [*Rising.*]

Don Fel. How, Don! I'm more astonish'd at your Answer, than I was with your Silence.

Don John. Astonish'd! Why han't you talk'd to me of Marriage? He asks me to marry, and wonders what I complain of!

Don Fel.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis well——'tis well, Don *John*, the Outrage is violent! You insult me in your own House. But know, Sir—— [Rising.

Don *John.* But know, Sir, there needs no Quarrel, if you please, Sir; I like your Daughter very well; but for marrying her——*Serviteur.*

Don *Fel.* Don *Guzman de Torrellas* has not less Merit than you, Don.

Don *John.* Agreed; what then?

Don *Fel.* And yet I have refus'd him my Daughter.

Don *John.* Why then you have us'd him better than you have done me, which I take very unkindly.

Don *Fel.* I have us'd you, Sir——

Don *John.* Us'd me, Sir? you have us'd me very ill, to come into my own House to seduce me.

Don *Fel.* What Extravagance!

Don *John.* What Persecution!

Don *Fel.* Am I then to have no other Answer?

Don *John.* Methinks you have enough in all Conscience.

Don *Fel.* Promise me, at least, you'll cease to love my Daughter.

Don *John.* I won't affront your Family so far neither.

Lop. I gad my Master shines to-day. [Aside.

Don *Fel.* Know, Don, that I can bear no more.

Lop. If he cou'd, I think there's no more to lay upon him. [Aside.

Don *Fel.* If I find you continue to importune *Leonora*, I shall find a Way to satisfy my offended Honour, and punish your Presumption.

Don *John.* You shall do what you please to me, provided you don't marry me.

Don *Fel.* Know, *Alvarada*, there are Ways to revenge such outrageous Affronts as these.

Don *John.* I won't marry.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis enough.

[Exit Don Felix.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. So; the old Fellow's gone at last, and has carry'd great Content along with him. [Aside.

Don *John.*

Don John. Lopez.

Lop. Sir——

Don John. What dost think ? he wou'd have marry'd me !

Lop. Yes, he had found his Man. But you have been even with him.

Don John. What, thou hast heard us then ?

Lop. Or I were no Valet : But pray what does your Honour intend to do now ? Will you continue the Siege of a Place, where 'tis probable they will daily augment the Fortifications, when there are so many open Towns you may march into without the Trouble of opening the Trenches ?

Don John. I am going, Lopez, to double my Attacks : I'll beat up her Quarters six times a-night, I am now down-right in Love : the Difficulties pique me to the Attempt, and I'll conquer or I'll die.

Lop. Why to confess the Truth, Sir, I find you much upon my Taste in this Matter ; Difficulties are the Rocombolle of Love, I never valu'd an easy Conquest in my Life. To rouse my Fire, the Lady must cry out, as softly as ever she can, Have a care, my Dear, my Mother has seen us : My Brothers suspect me ; my Husband may surprize us : O, dear Heart, have a care, I pray. Then I play the Devil : But when I come to a Fair-one, where I may hang up my Cloke upon a Peg, get into my Gown and Slippers.—

Don John. Impudent Rogue ! [Aside.]

Lop. See her stretch'd upon the Couch in great Security, with——my Dear, come kiss me, we have nothing to fear ; I droop, I yawn, I sleep.

Don John. Well, Sir, whatever you do with your Fair-one, I am going to be very busy with mine ; I was e'en almost weary of her, but *Guzman* and this old Fellow have reviv'd my dying Fire ; and so, have at her.

Lop. 'Tis all mighty well, Sir, mighty well, Sir, as can be in the World. But if you wou'd have the Goodness to consider *en passant*, or so, a little now and then, about Swords and Daggers, and Rivals and old Fellows, and Pistols and great Guns, and such like Baubles, only

now

now and then at Leisure, Sir, not to interrupt Things of more Consequence.

Don John. Thou art a cowardly Rascal, I have often considered that.

Lop. Ay, that's true, Sir, and yet a Blunderbuss is presently discharged out of a Garret Window.

Don John. Come, no more Words; but follow me: How now! what Impertinence have we here now to stop me?

Enter Don Pedro.

Lop. 'Tis Don Pedro, or I'm a Dog.

Don John. Impossible! Don Pedro return'd!

Don Ped. 'Tis I, my dearest Friend; I'm come to forget all the Miseries of a long Absence, in one happy Embrace.

[They embrace.]

Don John. I'm overjoy'd to see you.

Don Ped. Mine's not to be express. What, Friend Lopez here still! How dost do, Lopez? What, dost not know me?

Lop. As well as my Father's Seal, Sir, when he sends me a Bill of Exchange.

Don Ped. Just as he was, I find, Galliard still.

Lop. I find it very unwholesome to be otherwise, Sir.

Don John. You have then quitted the Service in Flanders, I suppose.

Don Ped. I have so, Friend; I have left the Ensigns of Mars, and am listning myself in a softer Militia.

Don John. Explain, pray.

Don Ped. Why, when your Father's Death oblig'd you to leave Brussels, and return hither to the plentiful Fortune he left you; I stay'd in Flanders, very trift for your Loss, and past three Years in the Trade of War. About two Months since, my Father writ to me from Toledo, that he was going to marry me very advantageously at Valencia: He sent me the Picture of the Lady, and I was so well pleased with it, that I immediately got my Conge, and embark'd at Dunkirk; I had a quick Passage to the Groyne, from whence by the Way of Madrid I am come hither with all the Speed I cou'd. I have,

you,

you must know, been two Days in Town, but I have lain *Incognito*, that I might inform myself of the Lady's Conduct I'm to marry; and I have discover'd, that she's serv'd by two Cavaliers of Birth and Merit. But tho' they have both given many Proofs of a most violent Passion, I have found for the Quiet of my Honour, that this virtuous Lady, out of Modesty or Prudence, has shewn a perfect Indifference to them and their Gallantries; her Fortune is considerable, her Birth is high, her Manners irreproachable, and her Beauty so great, that nothing but my Love can equal it.

Don *John*. I have hearken'd to you, Don *Pedro*, with a great deal of Attention, and Heaven's my Witness, I have a mighty Joy in seeing you; but the Devil fetch me, it makes my Heart bleed to hear you are going to be married.

Don *Ped*. Say no more of that, I desire you; we have always been Friends, and I earnestly beg we ever may be so; but I am not come to ask Counsel about my Marriage, my Party is taken, and my Inquiries have so much heightened my Desire, that nothing can henceforth abate it. I may therefore expect from you, dear Friend, that you won't oppose it, but that you'll aid me in hast'ning the Moment of my Happiness.

Don *John*. Since 'tis so impossible for you to resolve for your own Good, I must submit to what you'll have me: But are not we to know the Name of this Piece of Rarity, that is to do you this good Turn?

Don *Ped*. You'll know it presently; for I'm going to carry you to her House.

Don *John*. You shall tell me at least who are her two Gallants.

Don *Ped*. One, they cou'd not tell me his Name; t'other is— But before we talk any more of these Affairs, can you let me dispose of *Lopez*, till the Return of a Servant I sent three Days ago to—

Don *John*. Carry News of you to *Papa*, I suppose.

Don *Ped*. You are right; the good Man is thirty Leagues off, and I have not seen him these six Years.

Don *John*. *Lopez*, do you wait upon Don *Pedro*.

Lop.

Lop. With all my Heart. It's at least a Suspension of Boxes of the Ear, and Kicks of the Backside. [*Afide.*

Don Ped. Then honest *Lopez*, with your Master's Leave, go to the New-Inn, the King of *France* on Horseback, and see if my Servant's return'd; I'll be there immediately, to charge thee with a Commission of more Importance.

Lop. I shall perform your Orders, Sir, both to your Satisfaction, and my own Reputation. [*Exit Lopez.*

Don John. Very quaint. Well, old Acquaintance, you are going to be married then? 'Tis resolved: Ha!

Don Ped. So says my Star.

Don John. The foolishhest Star that has said any thing a great while.

Don Ped. Still the same, I see! Or, more than ever, resolv'd to love nothing.

Don John. Love nothing! Why, I'm in love at this very Time.

Don Ped. With what?

Don John. A Woman.

Don Ped. Impossible!

Don John. True.

Don Ped. And how came you in love with her?

Don John. Why I was ordered not to be in love with her.

Don Ped. Then there's more Humour than Love in't.

Don John. There shall be what you please in't: But I shan't quit the Gentlewoman, till I have convinc'd her there's something in't.

Don Ped. Mayn't I know her Name?

Don John. When you have let me into your conjugal Affection.

Don Ped. Pray stay here, but till I have sent *Lopez* to my Father-in-law: I'll come back and carry you with me in a Moment.

Don John. I'll expect you.

Don Ped. Adieu, dear Friend! may I in Earnest see you quickly in love. [*Exit Don Pedro.*

Don John. May I, without a Jest, see you quickly a Widower.

Don

Don John solus.

He comes, he says, to marry a Woman of Quality that has two Lovers — If it should be *Leonora* — But why she? There are many, I hope in that Condition in *Valencia* — I'm a little embarrass'd about it however —

*Friendship, take heed; if Woman interfere,
Be sure the Hour of thy Destruction's near.* [Exit.



A C T II.

S C E N E, *Leonora's Apartment.*

Enter Leonora, Isabella, and Jacinta.

Leon. **D**EAR *Isabella*, come in: How I am plagu'd with this troublesome Wretch! *Jacinta*, have you shut the outer Gates?

Jacin. I have, Madam.

Leo. Shut the Window too; we shall have him get in there, by and by.

Isab. What's this you are in such Apprehensions of, pray?

Leo. Nothing worth naming.

Isab. You dissemble: Something of Love in the Case, I'll warrant you.

Leo. The Reverse on't; 'tis Aversion. My impertinent Star has furnish'd me with a Lover for my Guard, who is never from my Window; he persecutes me to Distraction; I affront him fifty times a-day; which he receives with a Bow down to the Ground: In short, all I can do, is doing nothing at all: He still persists in loving me, as much as I hate him.

Isab. Have a Care he don't get the better on't, for all that; for when a Man loves a Woman well enough

to persevere, 'tis odds but she at last loves him well enough to make him give it over. But I think I had as good take off my Scarf; for since my Brother Don Guzman knows I'm with you, he won't quarrel at my Return for the Length of my Visit.

Leo. If he shou'd, I shou'd quarrel with him, which few Things else would make me do. But methinks, *Isabella*, you are a little melancholy.

Isab. And you are a little thoughtful.

Eco. Pray tell me your Affliction.

Isab. Pray don't conceal yours.

Leo. Why truly, my Heart is not at ease.

Isab. Mine, I fear, neyer will.

Leo. My Father's marrying me against my Inclination.

Isab. My Brother is hindring me from marrying with mine.

Leo. You know I love your Brother, Don Guzman.

Isab. And you shall know, I'm uneasy for Don John de Alvarada.

Leo. Don John!

Isab. The same.

Leo. Have you any Reason to hope for a Return?

Isab. I think so.

Leo. I'm afraid, my Dear, you abuse yourself.

Isab. Why?

Leo. Because he is already in love with—

Isab. Who?

Leo. Me.

Isab. I wou'd not have you too positive in that, Madam, for I am very sure that—

Leo. Madam, I am very sure that he's the troublesome Guest I just now complain'd of: And you may believe—

Isab. Madam, I can never believe he's troublesome to any Body.

Leo. O dear Madam: But I'm sure I'm forc'd to keep my Windows shut, till I'm almost dead with Heat, and that I think is troublesome.

Isab. This Mistake is easily set right, *Leonora*; our Houses

Houses join, and when he looks at my Window, you fancy 'tis at yours.

Leo. But when he attacks my Door, Madam, and almost breaks it down, I don't know how in the World to fancy 'tis yours.

Isab. A Man may do that to disguise his real Inclination.

Leo. Nay if you please, believe he's dying for you. I wish he were; then I shou'd be troubled no more with him. Be sure, *Jacinta*, you don't open a Window to-night.

Isab. Not while I'm here at least; for if he knows that, he may chance to press in.

Leo. Look you, *Isabella*, 'tis entirely alike to me, who he's fond of; but I'm so much your Friend, I can't endure to see you deceiv'd.

Isab. And since I have the same Kindness for you, *Leonora*, know, in short, that my Brother is so alarm'd at his Passion for me, that he has forbid him the Street.

Leo. Bless my Soul! and don't you plainly see by that, he's jealous of him upon my Account?

Isab. *smiling.* He's jealous of his Honour, Madam, lest he shou'd debauch his Sister.

Leo. I say, he's jealous of his Love, lest he shou'd corrupt his Mistress.

Isab. But why all this Heat? If you love my Brother, why are you concern'd Don *John* shou'd love me?

Leo. I'm not concern'd: I have no Designs upon him, I care not who he loves.

Isab. Why then are you angry?

Leo. Why do you say he does not care for me!

Isab. Well, to content you then: I know nothing certain but that I love him.

Leo. And to content you; I know nothing so certain, as that I neither love him, nor ever can love him: And so I hope we are Friends again.

Isab. Kifs me then, and let us never be otherwise.

Leo. Agreed: [*They kifs*] And now, my Dear, as my Misfortune's nearest, I am first to be pity'd, I am the most wretched Woman living. My Father every mo-
ment

ment expects a Gentleman from *Flanders*, to whom he has resolv'd to marry me. But neither Duty, nor Prudence, nor Danger, nor Resolution, nor all I can summon to my Aid, can drive your Brother from my Heart; but there he's fix'd to ruin me.

Jacin. Madam, here's Don *Guzman* at the Chamber-Door; he begs so passionately to come in, sure you can't refuse him.

Leo. Heav'ns! but does he consider to what he exposes me!

Jacin. Madam, he considers nothing; if he did, I'd say he were an impudent Fellow to pretend to be in love with you.

Leo. shall I venture, *Isabella*?

Isab. You know best.

Enter Don Guzman.

Jacin. Marry, methinks he knows best of us all, for here he comes.

Don Guz. Forgive me, lovely *Leonora*; 'tis the last Time perhaps that I may beg your Pity. My Rival is not far off; Excess of Modesty is now our Ruin. Break through it, for this Moment you have left, and own to your old Father how you love. He once did so himself; our Scene of Sorrow may perhaps recall some small Remembrance of his tender Years; and melt him into Mercy.

Leo. Alas, Don *Guzman*——

Jacin. O Heavens, Madam——

Leo. What's the matter?

Jacin. Y'are undone, here's your Father.

Isab. What an unlucky Accident!

Leo. Has he seen Don *Guzman*?

Jacin. Nay the deuce knows.

Isab. Where shall he hide himself?

Jacin. In the Moon, if he can get thither.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Guz. I must e'en stand it now.

Don Fel. Good News, my Daughter, good News;

B I come

I come to acquaint you, that——How now? What's the meaning of this? Don *Guaman* in my Daughter's Chamber!

Don *Guz.* I see your Surprise, Sir, but you need not be disturb'd; 'twas some sudden Business with my Sister, brought me here.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis enough, Sir: I'm glad to find you here; you shall be a Witness, that I know how to preserve the Honour of my Family.

Don *Guz.* What mean you, Sir?

Don *Fel.* To marry *Leonora* this moment.

Don *Guz.* How say you?

Don *Fel.* I say you shall have nothing left to ask of me.

Don *Guz.* Is't possible? O Heavens! what Joy I feel!

Don *Fel.* *Leonora* prepare your Hand and Heart.

Leo. They both are ready, Sir; and in giving me the Man I love, you charge me with a Debt of Gratitude, can never be repay'd.

Don *Guz.* [*Kneeling.*] Upon my Knees, I thank the best of Men for blessing me with all that's blest in Women.

Isab. How well that kind, that gentle Look becomes him!

Jacin. Now methinks he looks like an old Rogue, I don't like his Looks. [*Aside.*]

Enter Lopez.

Lop. To all whom it may concern, greeting, Don *Pedro Osorio* acknowledging himself most unworthy of the Honour intended him, in the Person of the fair *Leonora*, addresses himself, by me his small Ambassador, to the Generosity of Don *Felix*, for leave to walk in and take possession.

Don *Fel.* I have already given order for his Entrance.

Don *Guz.* What is't I hear!

Leo. Support me.

Isab. She faints.

Don *Guz.* Look, Tyrant, here, and if thou can'st, be cruel! [*Holding her.*]

Don *Fel.* Bring in Don *Pedro.*

Don *Guz.*

Don Guz. Barbarian!

Yacin. Look up, Madam, for Heaven's sake; since you must marry the Fellow, e'en make the most on't.

Leo. Hoh——

Enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Yacin. So——How dy'e do now? Come, chear up. See, here he comes. By my Troth, and a pretty turn'd Fellow. [*Aside.*] He'll set all to rights by to-morrow Morning. I'll answer for him.

Don Fel. Don Pedro, you are welcome; let me embrace you.

Don Ped. In what Terms, Sir, shall I express what I owe you for the Honour you do me? And with what prospect of Return can I receive this inestimable Present? Your Picture, Madam, made what Impression Art cou'd stamp, but Nature has done more. What Wounds your Sex can give, or ours receive, I feel.

Don Fel. Come, Son, (for I'm in haste to call you so)——But what's this I see? *Alvarada* here! Whence, Sir, this Insolence; to come within my Doors after you know what has pass'd? Who brought you here?

Don Ped. 'Twas I, Sir.

Don Fel. But do you know that he——

Don Ped. Sir, he's the best of my Friends.

Don Fel. But do you know, I say, that he wou'd——

Don Ped. Hinder this Marriage, 'tis true.

Don Fel. Yes, because he design'd——

Don Ped. I know his Design, Sir, 'tis to hinder all his Friends from marrying. Pray forgive him.

Don Fel. Then to prevent for ever, his Designs here, come hither, *Leonora*, and give Don Pedro your Hand.

Don John. Keep down, my kindling Jealousy: I've something tortures me I never felt but now. [*Aside.*]

Don Ped. [*to Leo.*] Why this Backwardness, Madam? Where a Father chooses, a Daughter may with Modesty approve. Pray give me your Hand.

Don Guz. I cannot see it. [*Turning from 'em.*]

Don Fel. [*to Leo. aside.*] Are you distracted? Will you let him know your Folly? Give him your Hand, for shame.

Leo. Hoh! Don Guzman, I am yours.

[Sighing, and giving carelessly her Hand.

Don Guz. Madam!

[Turning.

Don Fel. What a fatal Slip!

[Aside.

Leo. 'Twas not to you I spoke, Sir.

Don Ped. But him it was she nam'd, and thought on too, I fear. I'm much alarm'd.

Don Fel. [to Leo.] Repair what you have done, and look more chearful on him.

Leo. Repair what you have done, and kill me.

Don Fel. Fool.

Leo. Tyrant.

Facin. A very hum-drum Marriage this. [Aside.

Don Guz. Pray, Sister, let's retire; for I can bear this Sight no longer.

Isab. My Dear, farewell, I pity you indeed.

Leo. I am indeed an Object of your Pity.

[Exit Don Guz. and Isab.

Don Fel. Come, Daughter, come, my Son, let's to the Church and tie this happy Knot.

Don Ped. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[Exit Don Fel. leading Leo.

Don John. I love her, and I'll love her still. Fate, do thy worst, I'll on. [Aside.

Don Ped. To name another Man, in giving me her Hand!

Don John. [aside.] How am I wrackt and torn with Jealousy?

Don Ped. 'Tis doubtless so, Don Guzman has her Heart. [Aside.

Don John. [aside.] The Bridegroom's thoughtful. The Lady's Trip has furnish'd him with some matrimonial Reflections: They'll agree with him at this time perhaps, better than my Company. I'll leave him. Don Pedro, adieu, we shall meet again at Night.

Don Ped. Pray stay: I have need of a Friend's Counsel.

Don John. What, already?

Don Ped. Already.

Don John. That's to say, you have already enough of Matrimony.

Don Ped.

Don Ped. I scarce know what I have, nor am I sure of what I am.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. An't please your Honour, yonder's your Man *Bertrand* just arriv'd; his Horse and he are so tired of one another, that they both came down upon the Pavement at the Stable-Door.

Don Ped. [to Don John.] He brings News from my Father.

Lop. I believe he does, and hasty News too; but if you stay till he brings it hither, I believe it will come but slowly. But here's his Packet; I suppose that will do as well as his Company. [Gives a Letter.

Don Ped. [Reads to himself.] My dear Friend, here's ill News.

Don John. What's the Matter?

Don Ped. My poor old Father's dying.

Don John. I'm mighty sorry for't; 'tis a weighty Stroke I must confess; the Burden of his Estate will almost bear you down. But we must submit to Heaven's Good-will.

Don Ped. You talk, *Alvarada*, like a perfect Stranger to that Tenderneſs methinks every Son shou'd feel for a good Father: For my Part, I've receiv'd such repeated Proofs of an uncommon Affection from mine, that the Loss of a Mistress could scarce touch me nearer. You'll believe me, when you see me leave *Leonora* a Virgin, till I have seen the good old Man.

Don John. That will be a Proof indeed; Heaven's Blessing must needs fall upon so dutiful a Son; but I don't know how its Judgments may deal with so indifferent a Lover.

Don Ped. O! I shall have Time enough to repair this seeming small Neglect: But before I go, pray a Word or two with you alone. *Lopez*, wait without. [Exit. Lop.] You see, my dearest Friend, I am engag'd with *Leonora*; perhaps I have done wrong; but 'tis gone too far, to talk or think of a Retreat; I shall go directly from this Place to the Altar, and there seal the eternal Contract.

That done, I'll take Post to see my Father, if I can, before he dies. I leave then here a young and beautiful Bride; but that which touches every String of Thought, I fear, I leave her wishing I were *Guzman*. If it be so, no doubt he knows it well; and he that knows he's lov'd by *Leonora*, can let no fair Occasion pass to gain her; my Absence is his Friend, but you are mine, and so the Danger's balanc'd. Into your Hands, my Dear, my faithful *Alvarada*, [*Embracing him.*] I put my Honour, I put my Life; for both depend on *Leonora's* Truth. Observe her Lover, and——neglect not her. You are wise, you are active, you are brave and true. You have all the Qualities that Man shou'd have for such a Trust; and I by consequence have all the Assurance Man can have, you'll, as you ought, discharge it.

Don John. A very hopeful Business you wou'd have me undertake, keep a Woman honest; Udsdeath, I'd as soon undertake, to keep *Portocarrero* honest. Look you, we are Friends, intimate Friends; you must not be angry if I talk freely. Women are naturally bent to Mischief, and their actions run in one continued Torrent till they die. But the less a Torrent's checkt, the less Mischief it does; let it alone, perhaps 'twill only kiss the Banks and pass; but stop it, 'tis insatiable.

Don Ped. I wou'd not stop it; but cou'd I gently turn its Course where it might run, and vent itself with Innocence, I wou'd. *Leonora* of herself is virtuous; her Birth, Religion, Modesty and Sense, will guide her Wishes where they ought to point. But yet, let Guards be what they will, that Place is safest that is ne'er attack'd.

Don John. As far as I can serve you, in hindring *Guzman's* Approaches, you may command me.

Don Ped. That's all I ask.

Don John. Then all you ask is granted.

Don Ped. I am at ease, farewell.

Don John. Heaven bring you safe to us again.

[*Exit Don Ped.*]

Don.

Don John solus.

Yes, I shall observe her, doubt it not. I wish no body may observe me, for I find I'm no more Master of myself. Don *Guzman's* Passion for her, adds to mine; but when I think on what Don *Pedro* will reap, I'm Fire and Flame. Something must be done : What, let Love direct, for I have nothing else to guide me.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. [aside.] Don *Pedro* is mounting for his Journey, and leaves a young, warm, liquorish Hussy with a watry Mouth, behind him—Hum—If she falls handsomely in my Master's way, let her look to her—'ft—there he is. Doing what : Thinking ? That's new. And if any Good comes on't, that will be newer still.

Don John. [aside.] How ! Abuse the Trust a Friend reposes in me ? And while he thinks me waking for his Peace, employ the stretch of Thought to make him wretched ?

Lop. Not to interrupt your pious Meditations, Sir, pray have you seen—Seen what, Fool ? Why he can't see thee. I'gad, I believe the little blind Battard has whipt him through the Heart in earnest.

Don John. [aside.] *Pedro* wou'd never have done this by me—How do I know that ? —Why—he swore he was my Friend—Well ; and I swore I was his—Why then if I find I can break my Oath, why should not I conclude he would do as much by his ?

Lop. [aside.] His Countenance begins to clear up : I suppose Things may be drawing to a Conclusion.

Don John. [aside.] Ay, 'tis just so : And I don't believe he wou'd have debated the Matter half so long as I have done : I'gad I think I have put myself to a great Expence of Morality about it. I'm sure at least, my Stock's out. But I have a Fund of Love, I hope may last a little longer. O, are you there, Sir ! [*Seeing Lop.*

Lop. I think so, Sir. I won't be positive in any thing.

Don John. Follow me : I have some Business to employ you in, you'll like.

[*Exit Don John.*
Lop.

Lop. I won't be positive in that neither. I guess what you are going about—There's Roguery a-foot : This is at *Leonora*, who I know hates him ; nothing under a Rape will do't—He'll be hang'd—And then, what becomes of thee, my little *Lopez* ?—Why, the Honour to a—dingle dangle by him. Which he'll have the Good-nature to be mighty sorry for. But I may chance to be beforehand with him : If we are not taken in the Fact, they'll perhaps do him the Honour to set a Reward upon his Head. Which if they do, Don, I shall go near to follow your moral Example, secure my Pardon, make my Fortune, and hang you up for the Good of your Country. [Exit.



A C T III.

S C E N E, *Don Felix's House.*

Enter Don Felix, Don Pedro, Leonora, and Jacinta.

Don Fel. **H**OW Son ! oblig'd to leave us immediately, say you ?

Don Ped. My ill Fortune, Sir, will have it so.

Leo. [*aside.*] What can this be ?

Don Fel. Pray what's the Matter ? You surprize me.

Don Ped. This Letter, Sir, will inform you.

Don Fel. [*Reads.*] My dear Son, Bertand has brought me the welcome News of your Return, and has given me your Letter ; which has in some sort reviv'd my Spirits in the Extremity I am in. I daily expect my Exit from this World. 'Tis now six Years since I have seen you ; I shou'd be glad to do it once again before I die : If you will give me that Satisfaction, you must be speedy. Heaven preserve you.

[*To Don Ped.*] 'Tis enough : The Occasion I'm sorry for

for, but since the Ties of Blood and Gratitude oblige you, far be it from me to hinder you. Farewell, my Son, may you have a happy Journey, and if it be Heaven's Will, may the Sight of so good a Son revive so kind a Father. I leave you to bid your Wife adieu.

[Exit Don. Fel.]

Don Ped. I must leave you, my lovely Bride; but 'tis with bitter Pangs of Separation. Had I your Heart to cheer me on my Way, I might with such a Cordial run my Course: But that Support you want the Power to give me.

Leo. Who tells you so?

Don Ped. My Eyes and Ears, and all the Pains I bear.

Leo. When Eyes and Ears are much indulg'd, like favourite Servants they are apt to abuse the too much Trust their Master places in 'em.

Don Ped. If I am abus'd, assist me with some fair Interpretation of all that present Trouble and Disquiet, which is not in my Power to overlook, nor yours to hide.

Leo. You might methinks have spar'd my Modesty; and without forcing me to name your Absence, have laid my Trouble there.

Don Ped. No, no my Fair Deluder, that's a Veil too thin to cover, what's so hard to hide; my Presence not my Absence is the Cause: your cold Reception at my first Approach, prepar'd me for the Stroke; and 'twas not long before your Mouth confirm'd my Doom: Don Guzman, I am yours.

Leo. Is't then possible the Mouth shou'd utter one Name for another?

Don Ped. Not at all, when it follows the Dictates of the Heart. — —

Leo. Were it even so, what Wrong is from that Heart receiv'd, where Duty and where Virtue are its Rulers?

Don Ped. Where they preside, our Honour may be safe, yet our Minds be on the Rack.

Leo. This Discourse will scarce produce a Remedy; we'll end it therefore if you please, and leave the rest to Time, Besides, the Occasion of your Journey presses you.

Don Ped. The Occasion of my Delay presses you, I fear, much more; you count the tedious Minutes I am with you, and are reduc'd to mind me of my Duty to free yourself from my fight.

Leo. You urge this thing too far, and do me wrong. The Sentiments I have for you are much more favourable than your Jealousy suffers 'em to appear. But if my Heart has seem'd to lean another way, before you had a Title to it, you ought not to conclude I shall suffer it to do so long.

Don Ped. I know you have Virtue, Gratitude and Truth; and therefore 'tis, I love you to my Ruin. Cou'd I believe you false, Contempt would soon release me from my Chains, which yet I can't but wish to wear for ever: therefore indulge at least your Pity to your Slave, 'tis the soft Path in which we tread to Love. I leave behind a tortur'd Heart to move you:

*Weigh well its Pains, think on its Passion too,
Remember all its Torments spring from you;
And if you cannot love, at least be true.*

[Exit Don Pedro.]

Jacin. Now by my troth, Madam, I am ready to cry. He's a pretty Fellow, and deserves better Luck.

Leo. I own he does: And his Behaviour wou'd engage any thing that were unengaged. But alas! I want his Pity more than he does mine.

Jacin. You do! Now I'm of another mind. The moment he sees your Picture, he's in love with you; the moment he's in love with you, he embarks; and, like Lightening, in a moment more he's here: Where you are pleas'd to receive him with a *Don Guzman*, I am yours. Ah——poor Man!

Leo. I own, *Jacinta*, he's unfortunate, but still I say my Fate is harder yet. The irresistible Passion I have for *Guzman*, renders *Don Pedro*, with all his Merit, odious to me; yet I must in his favour make eternal War, against the Strength of Inclination and the Man I love.

Jac. [aside.] Um——If I were in her Case, I cou'd find an Expedient for all this Matter. But she makes such a Bustle with her Virtue, I dare not propose it to her.

Leo.

Leo. Besides, Don *Pedro* possesses what he loves, but I must never think on poor Don *Guzman* more. [*Weeping*]

Jac. Poor Don *Guzman* indeed! We han't said a Word of the Pickle he's in yet. Hark! somebody knocks——at the old Rendezvous. It's he, on my Conscience.

Leo. Let's be gone; I must think of him no more.

Jac. Yes, let's be gone; but let's know whether 'tis he or not first.

Leo. No, *Jacinta*; I must not speak with him any more. [*Sighing.*] I'm married to another.

Jac. Married to another! well, married to another why, if one were married to twenty others, one may give a civil Gentleman an Answer.

Leo. Alas! what would'st thou have me say to him?

Jac. Say to him! Why, one may find twenty things to say to a Man: Say, that 'tis true you are married to another, and that 'twould be a—Sin to think of any body but your Husband, and that——you are of a timorous Nature, and afraid of being damn'd; and that a——You wou'd not have him die neither; That a——Folks are mortal, and things sometimes come strangely about, and a Widow's a Widow, and——

Leo. Peace, Levity, [*Sighing.*] But see who 'tis knocks,

Jac. Who's there?

Isa. [*Behind the Scenes.*] 'Tis I, *Isabella*.

Leo. *Isabella*! What do you want, my Dear?

Isa. Your Succour for Heaven's sake, *Leonora*. My Brother will destroy himself.

Leo. Alas! it is not in my Power to save him.

Isa. Permit him but to speak to you, that possibly may do.

Leo. Why have not I the Force to refuse him?

Don Guz. [*Behind the Scenes.*] Is it you, I hear; my poor lost Mistress? Am I so happy once more to meet you, where I so often have been blest!

Jac. Courage, Madam, say a little something to him.

Don Guz. Not one kind Word to a distracted Lover? No Pity for a Wretch you have made so miserable?

Leo. The only Way to end that Misery, is to forget we ever thought of Happiness!

Don Guz. And is that in your Power? Ah, *Leonora*, yon ne'er lov'd like me.

Leo. How I have lov'd, to Heaven I appeal! But Heaven does now permit that Love no more.

Don Guz. Why does it then permit us Life and Thought? Are we deceiv'd in its Omnipotence? Is it reduc'd to find its Pleasures in its Creatures Pain?

Leo. In what, or where, the Joys of Heaven consist, lies deeper than a Woman's Line can fathom; but this we know, a Wife must in her Husband seek for hers, and therefore I must think of you no more. Farewell. [Exit Leo.]

Don Guz. Yet hear me, cruel *Leonora*.

Jac. It must be another Time then, for she's whipt off now. All the Comfort I can give you is, that I see she durst not trust her self any longer in your Company. But hush, I here a Noise, get you gone, we shall be catch'd.

Leo. [within] *Jacinta!*

Jac. I come, I come, Madam. [Exit. Jac.]

Enter Lopez.

Lop. If I mistake not, there are a Brace of Lovers intend to take some Pains about Madam, in her Husband's Absence. Poor *Don Pedro*! Well; methinks a Man's in a very merry Mood that marries a handsome Wife: When I dispose of my Person, it shall be to an ugly one. They take it so kindly, and are so full of Acknowledgment; watch you, wait upon you, nurse you, humour you, are so fond, and so chaste. Or if the Hussy has Presumption enough to think of being otherwise; away with her into the Mountains fifty Leagues off: no body opposes. If she's mutinous, give her Discipline; every body approves on't. Hang her, says one, he's kinder than she deserves; Damn her, says another, why does not he starve her? But if she's handsome, Ah the Brute, cries one: Ah the *Turk*, criest'other: Why don't she cuckold him, says this Fellow? Why does not she
poison

poison him, says that? and away comes a Pacquet of Epistles to advise her to't. Ah poor Don Pedro! But enough: 'Tis now Night, all's hush and still: every body's a-bed, and what am I to do? Why, as other trusty Domesticks, sit up to let the Thief in. But I suppose he won't be here yet; with the Help of a small Nap beforehand, I shall be in a better Condition to perform the Duty of a Centinel when I go to my Post. This Corner will just fit me: Come *Lopez*, lie thee down, short Prayers, and to sleep. *[He lies down.]*

Enter Jacinta with a Candle in her Hand.

Jac. So, I have put my poor Lady to Bed with nothing but Sobs, Tears, Sighs, Wishes, and a Pillow to mumble, instead of a Bridegroom, poor Heart. I pity her; but every body has their Afflictions, and by the Beads of my Grandmother, I have mine. Tell me, kind Gentleman, if I have not something to excite you? Methinks I have a roguish Eye, I'm sure, I have a melting Heart. I'm soft and warm, and sound, may it please ye. Whence comes it then, this Rascal *Lopez*, who now has been two Hours in the Family, has not yet thought it worth his while to make one Motion towards me? Not that the Blockhead's Charms have moved me, but I'm angry mine han't been able to move him. I doubt I must begin with the Lubber; my Reputation's at stake upon't, and I must rouse the Drone some how.

Lopez rubbing his Eyes, and coming on.

Lop. What a damn'd Condition is that of a Valet! No sooner do I, in comfortable Slumber, close my Eyes, but methinks my Master's upon me, with fifty Slaps o'th' Back, for making him wait in the Street. I have his Orders to let him in here to-night, and so I had e'en—Who's that?—*Jacinta!*—Yes—a Caterwauling!—like enough.

Jac. The Fellow's there; I had best not lose the Occasion.

Lop. The Slut's handsome, I begin to kindle: But if my Master shou'd be at the Door—Why there let him be, till the Matter's over.

[Aside.]

Jac.

Jac. Shall I advance?

[*Aside.*

Lop. Shall I venture?

[*Aside.*

Jac. How severe a Look he has!

[*Aside.*

Lop. She seems very reserv'd.

[*Aside.*

Jac. If he shou'd put the Negative upon me.

[*Aside.*

Lop. She seems a Woman of great Discretion; I tremble.

[*Aside.*

Jac. Hang it, I must venture.

[*Aside.*

Lop. Faint Heart never won fair Lady.

[*Aside.*

Jac. *Lopez*!

Lop. *Jacinta*!

Jac. O dear Heart! Is't you?

Lop. Charming *Jacinta*, fear me not.

Jac. O ho! he begins to talk soft——then let us take upon us again.

[*Aside.*

Lop. Cruel *Jacinta*, whose mouth (small as it is) has made but one Morfel of my Heart.

Jac. It's well he prevents me. I was going to leap about the Rascal's Neck.

[*Aside.*

Lop. Barbara *Jacinta*, cast your Eyes, On your poor *Lopez*, ere he dies.

Jac. Poetry too! Nay then I have done his Business.

[*Aside.*

Lop. Feel how I burn with hot Desire, Ah! pity me, and quench my Fire; Deaf, my fair Tyrant, deaf to my Woes, Nay then, Barbarian, in it goes.

[*Drawing a Knife.*

Jac. Why how now, Jack Sauce? why how now, Presumption? What Encouragement have I given you, Jack-a-lent, to attract me with your Tenders? I cou'd tear your Eyes out, Sirrah, for thinking I'm such a one. What Indecency have you seen in my Behaviour, Impudence, that you shou'd think me for your beastly Turn, you Goat, you?

Lop. Patience, my much offended Goddess, 'tis honourably I wou'd share your Bed.

Jac. Peace I say—Mr. *Liquorish*. I, for whom the most successful Cavaliers employ their Sighs in vain, shall I look down upon a crawling Worm? Pha——See

that

that crop Ear there, that Vermin that wants to eat at a Table would set his Master's Mouth a watering.

Lop. May I presume to make an humble Meal upon what savoury Remnants he may leave?

Jac. No.

Lop. 'Tis hard! 'tis wondrous hard!

Jac. Leave me.

Lop. 'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful!

Jac. Be gone, I say.

Thus Ladies 'tis, perhaps sometimes with you;

With Scorn you fly the Thing which you pursue.

[Exit Jac.]

Lop. [Solus.] 'Tis very well, Mrs. Flipflap, 'tis very well; but do you hear——Tawdery, you are not so alluring as you think you are——Comb-brush, nor I so much in love——your Maidenhead may chance to grow mouldy with your Airs——the Pox be your Bedfellow, there's that for you. Come, let's think no more on't. Sailors must meet with storms; my Master's going to Sea too. He may chance to fare no better with the Lady, than I have done with her *Abigail*: There may be foul Weather there too. I reckon at present he may be lying by under a Mizen at the Street-Door, I think it rains too for his Comfort. What if I shou'd leave him there an Hour or two in fresco, and try to work off the Amour that way? No; People will be physick'd their own way. But perhaps I might save his Life by't,——yes, and have my Bones broke for being so officious; therefore if you are at the Door *Don John*, walk in, and take your Fortune.

[Opens the Door.]

Enter Don John.

Don John. Hift! hift!

Lop. Hift! hift!

Don John. Lopez!

Lop. [Aside.] The Devil——Tread softly.

Don John. Are they all asleep?

Lop. Dead.

Don John. Enough, shut the Door.

Lop. 'Tis done.

Don

Don John. Now be gone.

Lop. What! Shut the Door first, and then be gone! Now, methinks, I might as well have gone first, and then shut the Door.

Don John. I bid you be gone, you Dog you, do you find the Way.

Lop. [*Aside.*] Stark mad, and always so when a Woman's in Chace. But, Sir, will you keep your chief Minister out of the Secrets of your State? Pray let me know what this Night's Work is to be.

Don John. No Questions, but march.

[Lop. goes to the Door, and returns.

Lop. Very well——

But, Sir, shall I stay for you in the Street?

Don John. No, nor stir out of the House.

Lop. So: well, Sir, I'll do just as you have order'd me; I'll be gone, and I'll stay; and I'll march, and I won't stir, and——just as you say, Sir.

Don John. I see you are afraid, you Rascal, you.

Lop. Possibly.

Don John. Well, be it so; but you shan't leave the House, Sir; therefore be gone to your Hog-stye, and wait further Orders.

Lop. [*Aside.*] But first I'll know how you intend to dispose of yourself.

[Lop. hides behind the Door.

Don John solus.

Don John. All's hush and still; and I am at the Point of being a happy——Villain. That Thought comes uninvited——Then like an uninvited Guest let it be treated: Be gone, Intruder. *Leonora's* Charms turn Vice to Virtue, Treason into Truth; Nature, who has made her the supreme Object of our Desires, must needs have designed her the Regulator of our Morals. Whatever points at her, is pointed right. We are all her Due, Mankind's the Dower which Heaven has settled on her; and he's the Villain that would rob her of her Tribute. I therefore, as in Duty bound, will in, and pay her mine.

Lop. [*Aside.*] There he goes i'faith; he seem'd as

if he had a Qualm just now ; but he never goes without a Dram of Conscience Water about him, to set Matters right again.

Don John. [*Aside.*] This is her Door, 'tis lock'd ; but I have a Smith about me will make her Staple fly.

[*Pulls out some Irons, and forces the Lock.*]

Lop. [*Aside.*] Hark ! hark ! if he is not equipt for a Housebreaker too. Very well, he has provided two Strings to his Bow ; if he 'scapes the Rape, he may be hang'd upon the Burglary.

Don John. [*Aside.*] There, 'tis done, So : no Watch-Light burning. [*Peeping into her Chamber.*] All in Darkness ? so much the better, 'twill save a great deal of blushing on both Sides. Methinks I feel myself mighty modest, I tremble too ; that's not proper at this Time. Be firm, my Courage, I have Business for thee—— So——How am I now ?——pretty well. Then by your Leave, Don Pedro, I must supply your Neglect. You should not have married till you were ready for Consummation ; a Maidenhead ought no more to lie upon a handsome Bride, than an Impeachment upon an innocent Minister. [*Don John enters the Chamber.*]

Lop. [*Coming forwards.*] Well done, well done ; God-a-mercy, my little Judas. Unfortunate Don Pedro ! thou hast left thy Purse in the Hands of a Robber ; and while thou art galloping to pay the last Duty to thy Father, he's at least upon the Trot to pay the first to thy Wife. Ah the Traitor ! What a *Capitolade* of Damnation will there be cook'd up for him ! But softly : Let's lay our Ear to the Door, and pick up some Curiosities——I hear no Noise——There's no Light ; we shall have him blunder where he should not do, by and by.——Commit a Rape upon her Tea-Table perhaps, break all her China, and then she'll be sure to hang him. But hark——now I hear——nothing ; she does not say a Word ; she sleeps curiously.——How if she shou'd take it all for a Dream now ? Or her Virtue shou'd be fallen into an Apoplexy ? Where the Fox will all this end ?

Leo. [*Within.*] *Facinta! Beatrix! Fernandes! Murder! Murder! help! help! help!*

Lop. Now the Play begins, it opens finely.

Leo. [*Within.*] *Father! Alphonso! Save me, O save me!*

Lop. Comedy or Tragedy for a Ducat! for fear of the latter, decamp Lopez. [*Exit Lopez.*]

SCENE changes to Leonora's Bed-Chamber;
discovers Leonora in a Gown, holding Don John by the Sleeve.

Leo. Whoever you are, Villain, you shan't escape me; and tho' your Efforts have been in vain, you shan't fail to receive the Recompence of your Attempt: Help, ho, help there! help!

[*Don John breaks from her, but can't find the Door.*]

Don John. [*Aside.*] S'dearth, I shall be undone! where is this damn'd Door?

Leo. He'll get away: a Light there quickly.

Enter Don Guzman with his sword drawn.

Don Guz. Where are you, fair Angel? I come to lose my Life in your Defence.

Don John. [*Aside.*] That's Guzman's Voice? the Devil has sent him: But we are still in the dark; I have one Tour yet, Impudence be my Aid. Light there, ho! Where is the Villain that durst attempt the virtuous Leonora.

Don Guz. His Life shall make her Satisfaction.

Don John. Or mine shall fall in his pursuit.

Don Guz. 'Tis by my Hands that she shall see him die.

Don John. My Sword shall lay him bleeding at her Feet.

Leo. [*Aside.*] What can this mean? But here's Light at last, thank the just bounteous Heaven.

Don John. Enter with the Light there; but secure the Door, lest the Traitor 'scape my Vengeance.

Enter

Enter Don Pedro with a light, he finds Leonora between them ; both their Swords drawn.

Leo. O Heavens ! what is't I see ?

Don John. Don Pedro here !

Don Ped. What monstrous Scene is this ? *[Aside.*

Don Guz. What Accident has brought him here ?

Don John. Now I'm intrigu'd indeed.

[Don Pedro steps back and shuts the Door.

Don Ped. *[Aside.]* This Mystery must unfold before we part. What Torments has my Fate provided me ? Is this the Comfort I'm to reap, to dry my Tears for my poor Father's Death ? *[To Leo.]* Ah Leonora !

Leo. *[Aside.]* Alas ! where will this end !

[Falling into a Chair.

Don Ped. *[Aside.]* Naked : and thus attended at the dead of Night, my Soul is froze at what I see. Confusion sits in all their Faces, and in large Characters I read the Ruin of my Honour and my Love.

[To the Men.] Speak, Statues, if you yet have Power to speak, why at this Time of Night you are found with Leonora ! — None speak ! — Don John, it is from you I ought to know.

Don John. My Silence may inform you.

Don Ped. Your Silence does inform me of my Shame, but I must have some Information more ; explain the whole.

Don John. I shall. You remember, Don Pedro. —

Don Ped. Be quick.

Don John. You remember you charged me before you went —

Don Ped. I remember well, go on.

Don John. With the Care of your Honour.

Don Ped. I did ; dispatch.

Don John. Very well ; you see Don Gazman in this Apartment, you see your Wife naked, and you see me, my Sword in my Hand ; that's all.

Don Ped. *[Drawing upon Don Guz.]* 'Tis here then I am to revenge my Wrongs.

Don

Don *Guz.* Hold.

Don *Ped.* Villain, defend thyself.

Leo. O Heaven !

Don *Guz.* Yet hear me.

Don *Ped.* What canst thou say ?

Don *Guz.* The Truth, as holy Heaven itself is Truth. I heard the Shrieks and Cries of *Leonora* ; what the Occasion was I knew not, but she repeated them with so much Vehemence, I found, whatever her Distress might be, her Succour must be sudden ; so leapt the Wall that parts our Houses, and flew to her Assistance. Don *John* can, if he please, inform you more.

Don *Ped.* [*Aside.*] Mankind's a Villain, and this may be true ; yet 'tis too monstrous for a quick Conception. I shou'd be cautious how I wrong Don *John*. Sure 'tis not right to balance. I yet have but their Words against their Words ; I know Don *John* for my Friend, and *Guzman* for my Rival. What can be clearer ? Yet hold ! If *Leonora*'s innocent, she may untangle all.

Madam, I shou'd be glad to know (If I have so much Interest left) which Way your Evidence will point my Sword ?

Leo. My Lord, I'm in the same Perplexity with you : All I can say is this ; one of them came to force me, t'other to save me : but the Night confounding the Villainy of the Guilty with the Generosity of the Innocent, I still am ignorant to which I owe my Gratitude or my Resentment.

Don *Guz.* But, Madam, did you not hear me cry I came to help you ?

Leo. I own it.

Don *John.* And did you not hear me threaten to destroy the Author of your Fears ?

Leo. I can't deny it.

Don *Guz.* What can there be more to clear me ?

Don *John.* Or me ?

Don *Ped.* Yet one's a Villain still.

[*Aside.*] My Confusion but increases : yet why confus'd ? It is, it must be *Guzman*. But how came Don *John* here ? Right. *Guzman* has said how he came to her Aid,
but

but *Alvarada* cou'd not enter but by Treason. Then perish—

Don Guz. Who?

Don John. Who?

Don Ped. Just Gods instruct me who.

Don Felix knocks.

Don Fel. [*Within.*] Let me in, open the Door.

Leo. 'Tis my Father.

Don Ped. No Matter, keep the Door fast.

[*Aside.*] I'll have this Matter go no further, till I can reach the Depth on't. *Don Guzman*, leave the House; I must suspend my Vengeance for a Time.

Don Guz. I obey you? but I'll lose my Life, or shew my Innocence. [*Exit Don Guz.*]

Don Fel. [*Within.*] Open the Door, why am I kept out?

Don Ped. *Don John*, follow me by this back Way. And you, *Leonora*, retire. [*Exit Leonora.*]

Don John. [*Aside, following Don Ped.*] If *Don Guzman's* Throat were cut, would not this Buffle end?—

Yes—Why then if his Throat be not cut, may this Buffle end me.



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Don Guzman's House.*

Enter Don Guzman, and Galindo.

Don Guz. *Galindo!*

[*Musing.*] *Gal.* Sir.

Don Guz. Try if you can see *Jacinta*, let her privately know I wou'd fain speak with her.

Gal. It shall be done, Sir.

[*Exit Gal.*]

Don Guzman solus.

Sure Villainy and Impudence were never on the Stretch before! This Traitor has wreckt them till they crack.

To

To what a Plunge the Villain's Tour has brought me. *Pedro's* Resentment must at last be pointed here: But that's a Trifle, had he not ruin'd me with *Leonora*, I easily had pass'd him by the rest.—What's to be done? Which way shall I convince her of my Innocence? The Blood of him, who has dar'd declare me guilty, may satisfy my Vengeance, but not aid my Love. No, I'm lost with her for ever.—

Enter Jacinta.

Speak: is't not so, *Jacinta*? Am I not ruin'd with the virtuous *Leonora*?

Jacin. One of you, I suppose, is.

Don Guz. Which dost thou think?

Jacin. Why he that came to spoil all, who shou'd it be?

Don Guz. Pr'ythee be serious with me if thou can'st for one small Moment, and advise me which way I shall take to convince her of my Innocence, that it was I that came to do her Service.

Jacin. Why you both came to do her Service, did not you?

Don Guz. Still trifling?

Jacin. No, by my Troth, not I.

Don Guz. Then turn thy Thoughts to ease me in my Torment, and be my faithful Witness to her, that Heaven and Hell and all their Wrath I imprecate, if ever once I knew one fleeting Thought, that durst propose to me so impious an Attempt. No, *Jacinta*, I love her well; but love with that Humility, whatever Misery I feel, my Torture ne'er shall urge me on to seize more than her Bounty gives me leave to take.

Jacin. And the Murrain take such a Lover, and his Humility both, say I. Why sure, Sir, you are not in earnest in this Story, are you?

Don Guz. Why dost thou question it?

Jacin. Because I really and seriously thought you innocent.

Don Guz. Innocent! What dost thou mean?

Jacin. Mean! Why what shou'd I mean? I mean that I concluded you lov'd my Lady to that degree, you cou'd

cou'd not live without her : And that the thought of her being given up to another, made your Passion flame out like Mount *Etna* : That upon this your Love got the Bridle in his Teeth, and ran away with you into her Chamber, where that impertinent Spy upon her and you, *Don John*, follow'd, and prevented farther Proofs of your Affection.

Don Guz. Why sure——

Jacin. Why sure, thus I thought it was, and thus she thinks it is. If you have a mind in the depth of your Discretion to convince her of your Innocence——May your Innocence be your Reward, I'm sure were I in her Place, you shou'd never have any other from me.

Don Guz. Was there then no Merit, in flying to her Assistance when I heard her Cries.

Jacin. As much as the Constable and the Watch might have pretended to, something to drink.

Don Guz. This is all Rallery, 'tis impossible she can be pleas'd with such an Attempt.

Jacin. 'Tis impossible she can be pleas'd with being reduc'd to make the Attempt upon you.

Don Guz. But was this a proper way to save her Blushes?

Jacin. 'Twas in the dark, that's one way.

Don Guz. But it must look like downright Violation.

Jacin. If it did not feel like it, what did that signify? Come, Sir, Wagery apart : You know I'm your Servant, I have giv'n you Proofs on't. Therefore don't distrust me now if I tell you, this Quarrel may be made up with the Wife, tho' perhaps not with the Husband. In short, she thinks you were first in her Chamber, and has not the worse Opinion of you for it ; she makes allowance for your Sufferings, and has still Love enough for you, not to be displeas'd with the utmost Proofs you can give, that you have still a warm Remain for her.

Don Guz. If this be true, and that she thought 'twas me, why did she cry out to expose me?

Jacin. Because at that Time she did not think 'twas you. Will that content you? And now she does think 'twas you, your Business is to let her think so on ; for in a word, I can see she's concern'd at the Danger she has brought

brought you into, and I believe wou'd be heartily glad to see you well out on't.

Don Guz.—'Tis impossible she can forgive me.

Facin. Oons—Now Heaven forgive me, for I had a great Oath upon the very Tip of my Tongue; you'd make one mad with your Impossible, and your Innocence, and your Humilities. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'you think a Woman makes no Distinction between the Assaults of a Man she likes and one she don't? My Lady hates Don *John*, and if she thought 'twas he had done this Job, she'd hang him for't in her own Garters; she likes you, and if you shou'd do such another, you might still die in your Bed like a Bishop for her.

Don Guz. Well, I'll dispute no farther. I put myself into thy Hands. What am I to do next?

Facin. Why, do as she bids you; be in the Way at the old Rendezvous, she'll take the first Occasion she can to speak to you; and when you meet, do as I bid you, and instead of your Innocent and Humble, be Guilty and Resolute. Your Mistress is now marry'd, Sir, consider that. She has chang'd her Situation, and so must you your Battery. Attack a Maid gently, a Wife warmly, and be as ragged with a Widow as you can. Good by i'ye, Sir,

[*Exeunt several Ways.*]

SCENE, Don Felix's House.

Enter Don Pedro solus.

In what Distraction have I pass'd this night? Sure I shall never close my Eyes again. No Rack can equal what I feel. Wounded in both my Honour and my Love; they have peirc'd me in two tender Parts. Yet could I take my just Revenge, it would in some degree assuage my Smart. O guide me Heaven to that cordial drop—Hold! A Glance of Light I think begins to—Yes—Right. When Yesterday I brought Don *John* hither, was not Don *Felix* much disturb'd?—He was; and why?—That may be worth enquireing. But something more occurs. At my Arrival in this City, was I not told two Cavalears were warm in the Pursuit of *Leonora*? One I remember

remember well they nam'd, 'twas *Guzman* : The other, I am yet a Stranger to. I fear I shall not be so long——'Tis *Alvarada* ; O the Traitor ! yet I may wrong him much. I have *Guzman*'s own Confession that he past the Wall to come to *Leonora*——O, but 'twas to her Assistance——And so it might, and he a Villain still. There are Assistances of various sorts——What were her Wants ?——That's dark——But whatsoe'er they were, he came to her Assistance. Death be his Portion for his ready Service.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel. You avoid me, *Don Pedro* ; 'tis not, well. Am I not your Father, have you not reason to believe I am your Friend ?

Don Ped. I have.

Don Fel. Why do you not then treat me like a Father and a Friend ? The Mystery you make to me of last Night's Disturbance, I take unkindly from you. Come, tell me your Grief, that if I can I may assuage it.

Don Ped. Nothing but Vengeance can give me ease.

Don Fel. If I desire to know your Wrongs, 'tis to assist you in revenging 'em.

Don Ped. Know then, that last Night in this Apartment I found *Don Guzman* and *Don John*.

Don Fel. *Guzman* and *Alvarada*.

Don Ped. Yes ; and *Leonora* almost naked between them, crying out for Aid.

Don Fel. Were they both guilty ?

Don Ped. One was come to force her, t'other to rescue her.

Don Fel. Which was the Criminal ?

Don Ped. Of that I yet am ignorant. They accuse each other.

Don Fel. Can't your Wife determine it ?

Don Ped. The Darkness of the Night put it out of her Power.

Don Fel. But I perhaps may bring some Light to aid you. I have part in the Affront : And tho' my Arm's too old and weak to serve you, my Counsel may be useful to

C

your

your Vengeance. Know then, that Don *Guzman* has a long Time pursu'd my Daughter; and I as resolutely refus'd his Suit: Which however has not hindered him from searching all Occasions to see and speak to her.

Don *John*. On his side——

Don *Ped*. Don *John*'s my Friend, and I am confident—

Don *Fel*. That Confidence destroys you. Hear my Charge, and be your self his Judge. He too has been a pressing Suitor to my Daughter.

Don *Ped*. Impossible.

Don *Fel*. To me myself, he has own'd his Love to her.

Don *Ped*. Good Gods! Yet still this leaves the Mystery where it was; this Charge is equal.

Don *Fel*. 'Tis true; but yonder's one (if you can make her speak) I have reason to believe can tell us more. Ho, *Jacinta*!

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. Do you call me, Sir?

Don *Fel*. Yes; Don *Pedro* wou'd speak with you. [*To Don Pedro aside.*] I'll leave you with her; press her both by Threats and Promises, and if you find your Wife in fault, old as I am, her Father too, I'll raise my Arm to plunge this Dagger in her Breast, and by that firmness convince the World, My Honour's dearer to me than my Child. [*Exit Don Fel.*]

Don *Ped*. [*Aside.*] Heaven grant me power to stifle my Rage, till 'tis time to let my Vengeance fly.

Jacinta, come near: I have some Business with you.

Jacin. [*Aside.*] His Business with me at this Time can be good for nothing, I doubt.

Jacin. to Don Ped.] What Commands have you, Sir, for me? for I'm not very well.

Don *Ped*. What's your Disorder?

Jacin. A little sort of a something towards an Ague, I think.

Don *Ped*. You don't seem so ill, but you may tell me—

Jacin. O, I can tell you nothing, Sir, I assure you.

Don

Don Ped. You answer me before you hear my Question. That looks as if you knew——

Jacin. I know that what you are going to ask me, is a Secret I'm out at.

Don Ped. [*offering her a Purse.*] Then this shall let thee into it.

Jacin. I know nothing of the Matter.

Don Ped. Come, tell me all, and take thy Reward.

Jacin. I know nothing of the Matter, I say.

Don Ped. [*drawing his Sword.*] Speak; or by all the Flame and Fire of Hell Eternal——

Jacin. O Lard, O Lard, O Lard!

Don Ped. Speak: or th'art dead.

Jacin. But if I do speak, shan't I be dead for all that?

Don Ped. Speak, and thou art safe.

Jacin. Well—O Lard—I'm so frighted—But if I must speak then—O dear Heart—give me the Purse.

Don Ped. There.

Jacin. Why truly, between a Purse in one's Hand—and—a Sword in one's Guts, I think there's little room left for Debate.

Don Ped. Come begin, I'm impatient.

Jacin. Begin! let me see; where shall I begin? at Don Guzman, I think.

Don Ped. What of him?

Jacin. Why he has been in love with my Lady these six Years.

Don Ped. I know it; but how has she received him?

Jacin. Receiv'd him! Why—as young Maids use to receive handsome Fellows; at first ill, afterwards better.

Don Ped. [*Aside.*] Furies.

Did they ever meet?

Jacin. A little.

Don Ped. By Day or Night?

Jacin. Both.

Don Ped. Distraction! Where was their Rendezvous?

Jacin. Where they cou'd not do one another much good.

Don Ped. As how.

Jacin. As through a Hole in a Wall.

Don Ped. The Strumpet banters me: Be serious, Insolence, or I shall spoil your Gaiety; I'm not dispos'd to Mirth.

Jacin. Why I am serious, if you like my Story the better for't.

Don Ped. [*Aside.*] How miserable a Wretch am I!

Jacin. I tell you there's a Wall parts their two Houses, and in that Wall there's a Hole. How the Wall came by the Hole, I can't tell; mayhap by chance, mayhap by no chance; but there 'tis, and there they use to prattle.

Don Ped. And this is Truth?

Jacin. I can't bate you a Word on't, Sir.

Don Ped. When did they meet there last?

Jacin. Yesterday; I suppose 'twas only to bid one another adieu.

Don Ped. Ah Jacinta, thou hast pierc'd my Soul.

Jacin. [*Aside.*] And yet I han't told you half I cou'd tell you, my Don.

Don Ped. Where is this Place you speak of?

Jacin. There 'tis if you are curious.

Don Ped. When they wou'd speak with one another, whats the Call?

Jacin. Tinkle, Tinkle.

Don Ped. A Bell?

Jacin. It is.

Don Ped. Ring.

Jacin. What do you mean, Sir?

Don Ped. [*hastily.*] Ring.

Jacin. 'Tis done.

Don Ped. [*Aside.*] I'll make use of her to examine him. Does he come?

Jacin. Not yet.

Don Ped. Pull again.

Jacin. You must give him time, Sir: My Lady always does so.

Don Ped. I hear something.

Jacin. 'Tis he.

Don Guz. [*within.*] Who's there?

Don Ped. [*softly.*] Say you are Leonora.

[*Dumb*]

[*Dumb Shew of her Unwillingness and his Threatning.*

Jacin. [*softly.*] 'Tis *Leonora*.

Don Guz. What are your Commands, Madam? Is it possible so unfortunate a Wretch as I, can be capable of serving you.

[*Don Ped. whispers Jacinta, who seems backward to speak.*

Jacin. I come to ask you, how cou'd you so far forget that infinite Regard you have professed, as to make an Attempt so dangerous both to yourself and me; and which, with all the Esteem and Love I have ever borne you, you scarce cou'd hope I ever shou'd forgive you.

Don Guz. Alas! my Hopes and Fears were vanish'd too. My Counsel, was my Love and my Despair. If they advis'd me wrong, of them complain, for it was you who made 'em my Directors.

Don Ped. [*Aside.*] The Villain owns the Fact. It seems he thinks he has not much to fear from her Repentment. O Torture!

Enter Leonora.

Jacin. [*Aside.*] So, she's here; that's as I expected; now we are blown up.

Leo. [*Aside, not seeing them.*] If I don't mistake, I heard *Don Guzman's* Call. I can't refuse to answer it; forgive me, Gods, and let my Woman's Weakness plead my Cause—How! my Husband here! Nay then—

Don Ped. You seem disorder'd, Madam; pray what may be the Cause?

Leo. [*confus'd.*] I don't know really; I'm not—I don't know that—

Don Ped. You did not know that I was here, I guess.

Leo. Yes I did, and—came to speak with you.

Don Ped. I'm not at present in a talking Humour, but if your Tongue is set to Conversation, there's one behind the Wall will entertain you.

Don Guz. But is it possible, fair *Leonora*, that you can pardon my Attempt?

Don Ped. [*to Leo.*] You hear him, Madam; he dares own it to you.

Leo. [*Aside.*] *Jacinta* winks; I guess what Scene they have been acting here. My Part is now to play.

[*To Don Ped.*] I see, Sir, he dares own it: Nor is he the first Lover has presum'd beyond the Countenance he ever has received. Pray draw near, and hear what he has more to say: It is my Interest you shou'd know the Depth of all has ever pass'd between us.

Leo. [*to Don Guz.*] I fain wou'd know, *Don Guzman*, whether in the whole Conduct of my Life, you have known one step, that cou'd encourage you to hope I ever cou'd be yours, but on the Terms of Honour which you fought me?

Don Guz. Not one.

Leo. Why then should you believe I cou'd forgive the taking that by force, which you already were convinc'd I valu'd more the keeping, than my Life?

Don Guz. Had my Love been as temperate as yours, I with your Reason had perhaps debated. But not in Reason, but in Flames, I flew to *Leonora*.

Leo. If strong Temptation be allow'd a Plea, Vice, in the worst of Shapes, has much to urge: No, cou'd any thing have shaken me in Virtue, it must have been the Strength of it in you. Had you shone bright enough to dazzle me, I blindly might have mist the Path I meant to tread: But now you have clear'd my Sight for ever. If therefore from this Moment more, you dare to let me know one Thought of Love, though in the humblest Stile, expect to be a Sacrifice to him you attempt to wrong. Farewell.

[*She retires from him.*]

Don Guz. O stay and hear me. I have wrong'd my self, I'm innocent; by all that's sacred, just and good, I'm innocent.

Don Ped. [*Aside.*] What does he mean?

Don Guz. I have own'd a Fact I am not guilty of; *Jacinta* can inform you, she knows I never —

Jacin. I know! The Man's mad; Pray be gone, Sir, my Lady will hear no more, I'll shut him out, Madam, shan't I?

[*She shuts the Door.*]

Leo. I have no farther Business with him.

Enter

Enter Isabella hastily.

Isab. O Heavens, *Leonora*, where are you? *Don Pedro*, you can assist me better.

Leo. What's the Matter?

Don Ped. What is it, Madam, I can serve you in?

Isab. In what the Peace of my whole Life consists, the Safety of my Brother; *Don John's* Servant has this Moment left me a Letter for him, which I have open'd, knowing there is an Animosity of some time between 'em.

Don Ped. Well, Madam!

Isab. O dear, it is a Challenge, and what to do I know not; if I shew it my Brother, he'll immediately fly to the Place appointed: and if I don't, he'll be accus'd of Cowardice. One way I risque his Life, t'other I ruin his Honour.

Don Ped. What wou'd you have me do, Madam?

Isab. I'll tell you, Sir: I only beg you'll go to the place where *Don John* expects him: tell him I have intercepted his Letter, and make him promise you he'll send no more: By this generous Charity you may hinder two Men (whose Piques are on a frivolous occasion) from murdering one another; and by this good Office, you'll repay the small Debt you owe my Brother, for flying last Night to *Leonora's* Succour; and doubly pay the Obligation, you have to me upon the same Occasion.

Don Ped. What Obligation, Madam? I am ignorant, pray inform me.

Isab. 'Twas I, Sir, that first heard *Leonora's* Cries, and rais'd my Brother to her Aid. Pray let me receive the same Assistance from your Prudence, which you have had from my Care, and my Brother's Generosity. But pray lose no time. *Don John* is perhaps already on the spot, and not meeting my Brother, may send a second Message which may be fatal.

Don Ped. Madam, be at rest; you shall be satisfy'd, I'll go this Moment. I'll only ask you first whether you are sure you heard my Wife call out for Succour, before your Brother past the Wall?

Isab. I did; why do you ask that Question?

Don *Ped.* I have a Reason, you may be sure.

[*Aside.*] Just Heaven I adore thee, the Truth at last shines clear, and by that Villain *Alvarada* I'm betray'd. But enough, I'll make use of this Occasion for my Vengeance. [To *Isab.*] Where, Madam, is it, Don *John* is waiting?

Isab. But here in a small Field behind the Garden.

Don *Ped.* [*Aside.*] His Blood shall do me Reason for his Treachery.

Isab. Will you go there directly?

Don *Ped.* I will. Be satisfy'd. [Ex. Don *Ped.*

Leo. You weep, *Isabella*.

Isab. You see my Trouble for a Brother, for whom I wou'd die, and a Lover for whom I wou'd live. They both are Authors of my Grief.

Leo. They both are Instruments of my Misfortune.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T. V.

Enter Lopez.

O HO, my good Signior Don *John*, you are mistaken in your Man; I am your humble Valet, 'tis true, and I am to obey you; but when you have got the Devil in your Body, and are upon your Rantipole Adventures, you shall *Quixote* it by yourself for *Lopez*. Yonder he is, waiting for poor *Guzman*, with a Sword of a Fathom and a half, a Dagger for close Engagement; and (if I don't mistake) a Pocket-Pistol for extraordinary Occasions. I think I am not in the wrong to keep a little out of the way: These Matters will end in a Court of Justice, or I'm wrong in my foresight: Now that being a Place where I am pretty well known, and not over-much reputed, I believe 'tis best, neither to come in for Prisoner, nor Evidence. But hold, yonder comes another *Toledo*. Don *Guzman* I presume, but I presume wrong, it is—who is it? Don *Pedro*, by all the Powers. What the Pox does he here, or what the Pox do I here? I'm sure as Matters stand, I ought to fly him like a Creditor; but he sees me, 'tis too late to slip him.

Enter

Enter Don Pedro.

Don Ped. How now, *Lopez*, where are you going?

Lop. I'm going, Sir, I—I'm going—if you please I'm going about my Business.

Don Ped. From whence do you come?

Lop. Only, only Sir, from—taking the Air a little, I'm mightily muddled with a Whur—round about in my Head for this day or two, I'm going home to be let Blood, as fast as I can, Sir.

Don Ped. Hold, Sir, I'll let you Blood here.

This Rascal may have borne some part in this late Adventure: He's a Coward, I'll try to frighten it out of him.

[*Seizing him by the Collar, and drawing his Poniard.*

You Traitor you, y'are dead.

Lop. Mercy, Don Pedro.

Don Ped. Are you not a Villain? [Lop. *Kneeling.*

Lop. Yes, if you please.

Don Ped. Is there so great a one upon Earth?

Lop. With respect to my Master? No.

Don Ped. Prepare then to die.

Lop. Give me but time, and I will. But Noble Don Pedro, just Don Pedro, generous Don Pedro, what is it I have done?

Don Ped. What if thou dar'st deny, I'll plunge this Dagger deep into thy Throat, and drive the Falshood to thy Heart again. Therefore take heed, and on thy Life declare, didst thou not this last Night open my Doors to let Don Guzman in?

Lop. Don Guzman!

Don Ped. Don Guzman? Yes, Don Guzman, Traitor, him.

Lop. Now may the Sky crush me, if I let in Don Guzman.

Don Ped. Who did you let in then? It was not your Master sure! if it was him, you did your Duty, I have no more to say.

Lop. Why then if I let in any body else, I'm a Son of a Whore.

[*Rising.*

58 *The FALSE FRIEND.*

Don Ped. Did he order you before-hand, or did you do it upon his knocking?

Lop. Why he; I'll tell you, Sir, he—— pray put up that Brilliant, it sparkles so in my Eyes, it almost blinds me—— thank you, Sir. [*Don Ped. puts it up.*]

Why, Sir, I'll tell you just how the matter was, but I hope you won't consider me as a Party.

Don Ped. Go on, thou art safe.

Lop. Why then, Sir, when (for our Sins) you had left us, says my Master to me, *Lopez*, says he, go and stay at old *Don Felix's* House, till *Don Pedro* returns, they'll pass thee for his Servant, and think he has order'd thee to stay there. And then, says he, dost hear, open me the Door by *Leonora's* Apartment to-night, for I have a little Business, says he, to do there.

Don Ped. [*Aside.*] Perfidious Wretch!

Lop. Indeed, I was at first a little resty, and stood off; being suspicious (for I knew the Man) that there might be some ill Intentions. But he knew me too, takes me upon the weakside, whips out a long Sword, and by the same Means make me do the thing, as you have made me discover it.—[*Aside.*] There's neither Liberty nor Property in this Land, since the Blood of the *Bourbons* came amongst us.

Don Ped. Then you let him in, as he bid you?

Lop. I did: If I had not, I had never lived to tell you the Story. Yes, I let him in.

Don Ped. And what follow'd?

Lop. Why he follow'd.

Don Ped. What?

Lop. His Inclinations.

Don Ped. Which Way?

Lop. The old Way; To a Woman.

Don Ped. Confound him!

Lop. In short, he got to Madam's Chamber, and before he had been there long, (tho' you know, Sir, a little time goes a great way in some matters) I heard such a clutter of small Shot, Murder, Murder, Murder, Rape, Fire, Help, and so forth—But hold, here he comes himself,

himself, and can give you a more circumstantial account of the Skirmish.

Don Ped. I thank thee Heaven at last, for having pointed me to the Victim I am to sacrifice. [*Ex. Lop.*]

Enter Don John.

[*Drawing.*] Villain, defend thyself.

Don John. What do you mean?

Don Ped. To punish a Traitor.

Don John. Where is he?

Don Ped. In the Heart of a sworn Friend.

Don John. [*Aside.*] I saw *Lopez* go from him; without doubt he has told him all. [*To Don Ped.*]

Of what am I suspected?

Don Ped. Of betraying the greatest Trust that Man cou'd place in Man.

Don John. And by whom am I accus'd?

Don Ped. By me: Have at thy Traitor's Heart.

Don John. Hold! And be not quite a Madman.

Pedro, you know me well: You know I am not backward upon these Occasions, nor shall I refuse you any Satisfaction you'll demand; but first, I will be heard, and tell you, That for a Man of Sense, you are pleas'd to make very odd Conclusions.

Don Ped. Why, what is it possible thou canst invent to clear thyself?

Don John. To clear myself! Of what? I'm to be thank'd for what I have done, and not reproach'd. I find I have been an Ass, and push'd my Friendship to that Point, you find not Virtue in yourself enough to conceive it in another. But henceforward, I shall be a better Husband of it.

Don Ped. I shou'd be loth to find Ingratitude cou'd e'er be justly charg'd upon me: But after what your Servant has confess'd——

Don John. My Servant! right, my Servant! The very thing I guess'd. Fy, fy, *Don Pedro*; is it from a Servant's Mouth a Friend condemns a Friend? or can Servants always judge at what their Masters outward Actions point? But some Allowances I shou'd make for the
the

the wild Agitation you must needs be in. I'm therefore ca'm, and thus far pass all by.

Don *Ped.* If you are innocent, Heaven be my Aid, that I may find you so. But still——

Don *John.* But still you wrong me, if you still suspect. Hear then, in short, my part of this Adventure. In order to acquit myself of the Charge you laid upon me in your Absence, I went last Night, just as 'twas dark, to view the several Approaches to the House where you had left your Wife; and I observ'd not far from one of the back Doors, two Persons in close eager Conference: I was disguis'd, so ventur'd to pass near 'em, and by a word or two I heard, I found 'twas *Guzman* talking to *Jacinta*. My Concern for your Honour, made me at first resolve to call him to an immediate Account. But then reflecting that I might possibly over-hear some part of their Discourse, and by that judge of *Leonora's* Thoughts, I rein'd my Passion in; and by the help of an advancing Buttress, which kept me from their sight, I learnt the black Conspiracy. Don *Guzman* said, he had great Complaint to make; and since his honourable Love had been so ill return'd, he could with ease forgive himself, if by some rougher means he should procure, what Prayers and Tears and Sighs had urg'd in vain.

Don *Ped.* Go on.

Don *John.* His kind Assistant clos'd smoothly with him, and inform'd him with what ease that very Night she'd introduce him to her Chamber. At last, they parted, with this Agreement, that at some Overture in a Wall, he should expect her to inform him when *Leonora* was in Bed, and all the Coast was clear.

Don *Ped.* Dispatch the rest——Is't possible after all he should be innocent!

Don *John.* I must confess the Resolution taken, made me tremble for you: How to prevent it now and for ever, was my next care. I immediately order'd *Lopez*, to go lie at Don *Felix's*, and to open me the Door when all the Family were in Bed. He did as I directed him. I enter'd, and in the dark found my way to *Leonora's* Apartment; I found the Door open, at which I was surpriz'd.

I thought I heard some stirring in her Chamber, and in an instant heard her cry for Aid. At this I drew, and rush'd into the Room, which *Guzman*, alarm'd at, cry'd out to her Assistance. His ready Impudence, I must confess, at first quite struck me speechless; but in a moment I regain'd my Tongue, and loud proclaim'd the Traitor.

Don Ped. Is't possible!

Don John. Yet more: your Arrival hindring me at that time from taking vengeance for your Wrong, I at this Instant expect him here, to punish him (with Heaven's righteous Aid) for daring to attempt my Ruin with the Man, whose Friendship I prefer to all the Blessings Heaven and Earth dispense. And now, *Don Pedro*, I have told you this, if still you have a mind to take my Life, I shall defend it with the self same warmth I intended to expose it in your Service. *[Draws.]*

Don Ped. *[aside.]* If I did not know he was in love with *Leonora*, I could be easily surpriz'd with what he has told me. But——But yet 'tis certain he has destroyed the Proofs against him; and if I only hold him guilty as a Lover, why must *Don Guzman* pass for innocent? Good Gods, I am again returning to my Doubts!

Don John. *[Aside.]* I have at last reduc'd him to a Balance, but one Lye more tost in, will turn the Scale.

To Don Ped.] One Obligation more, my Friend, you owe me; I thought to have let it pass, but it shall out. Know then, I lov'd, like you, the beauteous *Leonora*; but from the moment I observ'd how deep her Dart had pierc'd you, tore my Passion from my bleeding Heart, and sacrific'd my Happiness to yours. Now, I have no more to plead; if still you think your Vengeance is my due, come pay it me.

Don Ped. Rather ten thousand Poniards strike me dead. O *Alvarada*! Can you forgive a wild distracted Friend? Gods! Whither was my jealous Frenzy leading me? Can you forget this barbarous Injury?

Don John. I can: No more. But for the future, think me what I am, a faithful and a zealous Friend. Retire, and leave me here. In a few Moments I hope to

to bring you farther Proofs on't. *Guzman* I instantly expect, leave me to do you Justice on him.

Don Ped. That must not be. My revenge can ne'er be satisfy'd by any other Hand but this.

Don John. Then let that do't. You'll in a Moment have an Opportunity.

Don Ped. You mistake, he won't be here.

Don John. How so?

Don Ped. He has not had your Challenge. His Sister intercepted it, and desired I wou'd come to prevent the Quarrel.

Don John. What then is to be done?

Don Ped. I'll go and find him out immediately.

Don John. Very well: Or hold—— [*Aside.*] I must hinder 'em from talking. Gossiping may discover me. Yes: let's go and find him: Or, let me see—— Ay—— 'twill do better.

Don Ped. What?

Don John. Why—— That the Punishment should suite the Crime.

Don Ped. Explain.

Don John. Attack him by his own Laws of War—— 'Twas in the Night he would have had your Honour, and in the Night you out to have his Life.

Don Ped. His Treason cannot take the Guilt from mine.

Don John. There is no Guilt in fair Retaliation. When 'tis a point of Honour sounds the Quarrel, the Laws of Sword-Men must be kept, 'tis true: But if a Thief glides in to seize my Treasure, methinks I may return the Favour on my Dagger's Point, as well as with my Sword of Ceremony six times as long.

Don Ped. Yet still the nobler Method I wou'd choose; it better satisfies the Vengeance of a Man of Honour.

Don John. I own it, were you sure you shou'd succeed: But the Events of Combats are uncertain. Your Enemy may 'scape you: you perhaps may only wound him; you may be parted. Believe me, *Pedro*, the Injury's too great for a Punctilio Satisfaction.

Don

Don Ped. Well, guide me as you please, so you direct me quickly to my Vengeance. What do you propose?

Don John. That which is easy, as 'tis just to execute. The Wall he pass, to attempt your Wife, let us get over to prevent his doing so any more. 'Twill let us into a private Apartment by his Garden, where every Evening in his amorous Solitudes he spends some time alone, and where I guess his late fair Scheme was drawn. The Deed done, we can retreat the way we enter'd; let me be your Pilot, 'tis now e'en dark, and the most proper time.

Don Ped. Lead on; I'll follow you.

Don John. [*Aside.*] How many Villanies I'm forc'd to act, to keep one secret! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Don Guzman's Apartments.*

Don Guzman, sitting, solus.

With what Rigour does this unfaithful Woman treat me! Is't possible it can be she, who appeared to love me with so much Tenderness? How little stress is to be laid upon a Woman's Heart! Sure they're not worth those anxious Cares they give. [*Rising.*] Then burst my Chains, and give me Room to search for nobler Pleasures. I feel my Heart begin to mutiny for Liberty; there is a Spirit in it yet, will struggle hard for Freedom: but Solitude's the worst of Seconds. Ho, *Sancho Galindo*, who waits there? Bring some Lights. Where are you?

Enter Galindo, rubbing his Eyes, and Drunk.

Galin. I can't well tell. Do you want me, Sir?

Don Guz. Yes, Sir, I want you. Why am I left in the dark? what were you doing?

Galin. Doing, Sir! I was doing——what one does when one sleeps, Sir.

Don Guz. Have you no Light without?

Galin. [*Yawning.*] Light!——No, Sir,——I have no Light. I am us'd to Hardship, I can sleep in the dark.

Don

Don *Guz.* You have been drinking, you Rascal, you are drunk.

Galin. I have been drinking, Sir, 'tis true, but I am not drunk. Every Man that is drunk, has been drinking, confess'd. But every Man that has been drinking, is not drunk. Confess that too.

Don *Guz.* Who is't has put you in this Condition, you Sot?

Galin. A very honest Fellow: Madam *Leonora's* Coachman, no body else. I have been making a little debauch with Madam *Leonora's* Coachman; yes.

Don *Guz.* How came you to drink with him, Beast?

Galin. Only *per Complaisance*, Sir. The Coachman was to be drunk upon Madam's Wedding; and I being a Friend, was desired to take part.

Don *Guz.* And so you Villain, you can make yourself merry, with what renders me miserable.

Galin. No, Sir, no; 'twas the Coachman was merry: I drank with Tears in my Eyes. The remembrance of your Misfortunes, made me so sad, so sad, that every Cup I swallow'd, was like a Cup of Poison to me.

Don *Guz.* Without doubt.

Galin. Yes; and to mortify myself upon melancholy Matters, I believe I took down fifty. Yes.

Don *Guz.* Go fetch some Lights, you drunken Sot, you.

Galin. I will. If I can find the { *Feeling for the Door*
Door, that's to say——The { and running a-
Devil's in the Door; I think 'tis { gainst it.
grown too little for me——Shrunk this wet Weather, I
presume. [Ex. *Galin.*

Don Guzman alone.

Absence, the old Remedy for Love, must e'en be mine: to stay and brave the Danger, were Presumption: Farewel *Valencia* then, and farewell *Leonora*. And if thou can'st, my Heart, redeem thy Liberty, secure it by a Farewel Eternal to her Sex.

Re-enter Galindo, with a Candle, he falls and puts it out.

Galín. Here's light, Sir—So,

Don Guz. Well done. You sottish Rascal, come no more in my fight.. } *Passing angrily in to another Chamber.*

[*Ex. Don Guz.*

Galín. These Boards are so uneven—

You shall see now I shall neither find the Candle—nor the Candlestick ; } *Rising and feeling about for the Candle.*
It shan't be for want of searching }
however.

—O ho, have I got you? enough, I'll look for your Companion to-morrow.

Enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Don Ped. Where are we now?

Don John. We are in the Apartment I told you of
—Softly— I hear something stir — Ten to one but 'tis he.

Galín. Don't I hear somewhat? — No— when one has Wine in one's Head, one has such a bustle in one's Ears.

Don Ped. [*to Don John.*] Who is that talking to himself?

Don John. 'Tis his Servant, I know his Voice, keep still.

Galín. Well; since my Master has banished me his fight, I'll redeem by my Obedience, what I have lost by my Debauch. I'll go sleep twelve Hours in some melancholy Hole where the Devil shan't find me. Yes. [*Ex. Galín.*

Don John. He's gone; but hush, I hear some body coming.

Don Guz. Ho there, will no body bring Light?

[*Behind the Scene.*

Don Ped. 'Tis *Guzman*.

Don John. 'Tis so, prepare.

Don Ped. Shall I own my Weakness, I feel an inward Check, I wish this could be done some other way.

Don John. Distraction all! is this a time to balance?
Think

Think on the Injury he would have done you, 'twill fortify your Arm, and guide your Dagger to his Heart.

Don *Ped.* Enough, I'll hesitate no more; be satisfy'd; hark, he's coming.

Don Guzman passes the Stage.

Don *Guz.* I think these Rogues are resolv'd to leave me in the dark all Night. *[Exit Don Guz.]*

Don *John.* Now's your time, follow him, and strike home.

Don *Ped.* To his Heart, if my Dagger will reach it.

[Don Pedro follows him.]

Don *John.* *[Aside.]* If one be kill'd I'm satisfy'd; 'tis no great matter which.

Re-enter Don Guzman, Don Pedro following him, with his Dagger ready to strike.

Don *Guz.* *[Aside.]* My Chamber-Door's lock'd, and I think I hear somebody tread—Wh'os there?—No body answers. But still I hear something stir. Holo there! *Sancho*, are you all drunk? some Lights here quickly. *[Exit.]*

Don Guzman passes by the Corner where Don John stands, and goes off the Stage; Don Pedro following him stabs Don John.

Don *Ped.* *[aside.]* I think I'm near him now: Traitor, take that, my Wife has sent it thee.

Don *John.* Ah, I'm dead.

Don *Ped.* Then thou hast thy Due.

Don *John.* I have indeed, 'tis I that have betray'd thee.

Don *Ped.* And 'tis I that am reveng'd on thee for doing it.

Don *John.* I wou'd have forc'd thy Wife.

Don *Ped.* Die then with the Regret to have fail'd in thy Attempt.

Don *John.* Farewel, if thou can'st forgive me—*[dies.]*

Don *Ped.* I have done the Deed, there's nothing left but to make our Escape. Don *John* where are you? let's be gone, I hear the Servants coming.

Lopez

Lopez knocks hard at the Door.

Lop. Open there quickly, open the Door.

Don Ped. That's *Lopez*, we shall be discover'd. But 'tis no great matter, the Crime will justify the Execution ; but where's *Don John* ? *Don John*, where are you ?

Lopez knocks again.

Lop. Open the Door there, quickly. Madam, I saw 'em both pass the Wall, the Devil's in't if any good comes on't.

Leo. I am frightened out of my Senses : ho, *Isabella* !

Don Ped. 'Tis *Leonora*. She's welcome. With her own Eyes let her see her *Guzman* dead.

Enter Don Guzman, Leonora, Isabella, Jacinta and Lopez, with Lights.

Don Ped. Ha, What is't I see ? *Guzman* alive ? Then who art thou ? [*Looking on Don John.*

Don Guz. *Guzman* alive ! Yes, *Pedro*, *Guzman* is alive.

Don Ped. Then Heaven is just, and there's a Traitor dead.

Isabella weeps. Alas, *Don John*.

Lop. [*Looking upon Don John.*] *Bonus Nocius.*

Don Guz. What has produced this bloody Scene ?

Don Ped. 'Tis I have been the Actor in't, my *Poniard*, *Guzman*, I intended in your Heart : I thought your Crime deserv'd it : but I did you wrong, and my Hand in searching the Innocent, has by Heaven's Justice, been directed to the Guilty. *Don John*, with his last Breath, confess'd himself the Offender. Thus my Revenge is satisfied, and you are clear'd.

Don Guz. Good Heaven, how equitable are thy Judgements !

Don Ped. [*To Leo.*] Come, Madam, my Honour now is satisfied, and if you please my Love may be so too.

Leo. If It is not,

*You to yourself alone shall owe your Smart,
For where I've given my Hand, I'll give my Heart.*

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 Lying Lover, by *Steele*
 Ladies Last Stake, by *C. Cibber*
 Limberham, by *Dryden*
 Mourning Bride, by *Congreve*
 Merchant of Venice, by *Shakspear*
 Massacre at Paris, by *Lee*
 Merry Wives of Windsor
 Midsummer Night's Dream
 Measure for Measure, by *Shakspear*
 Mariamne, by *Fenton*
 Macbeth, by *Shakspear*
 Much ado about nothing
 Mistake, by *Vanbrugh*
 Man of Mode, by *Etherage*
 Maiden Queen, by *Dryden*
 Marriage A-la-Mode, by *Dryden*
 Mithridates, by *Lee*
 Nonjuror, by *C. Cibber*
 Nero Emperor of Rome
 Orphan, by *Otway*
 Old Batchelor, by *Congreve*
 Othello, by *Shakspear*
 Oroonoko, by *Southern*

Oedipus,

P L A Y S.

Oedipus, by *Dryden*
 Provok'd Wife, by *Vanbrugh*
 Provok'd Husband, by *Cibber*
 Papal Tyranny
 Phædra and Hippolitus, by *Smith*
 Perjur'd Husband
 Parolla and Isadora, by *C. Cibber*
 Romeo and Juliet, altered by *Garrick*
 Richard II. by *Shakespeare*
 Richard III. alter'd by *C. Cibber*
 Recruiting Officer, by *Farquhar*
 Rehearsal, by *Buckingham*
 Relapse, by *Vanbrugh*
 Rival Fools, by *Cibber*
 Refusal, by *Cibber*
 Royal Convert, by *Rowe*
 Rival Queens, by *Lee*
 Rival Ladies, by *Dryden*
 Rule a Wife, by *Beaumont*
 Revenge, by *Dr. Young*
 Royal Merchant, by *Beaumont*
 Silent Woman, by *Ben. Johnson*
 School Boy, by *C. Cibber*
 Spanish Friar, by *Dryden*
 Siege of Damascus, by *Hughes*
 She would if she could, by *Ethberg*
 Sir Courtly Nice
 Suspicious Husband, by *Hoadly*
 Stage Coach, by *Farquhar*
 Sir Walter Raleigh, by *Sewell*
 Sophonisba, by *Lee*
 She wou'd and she wou'd not
 Scornful Lady
 Sir Martin Mar-All, by *Dryden*
 State of Innocence, by *Dryden*
 Soldier's Fortune, by *Otway*
 Strollers
 Sir Harry Wildair, by *Farquhar*
 Twin Rivals, by *Farquhar*
 Tamerlane, by *Rowe*

P L A Y S.

Two Gentlemen of Verona
 Toy-Shop, by *Dodley*
 Theodosius, or the Force of Love
 Tender Husband, by *Steele*
 Tempest, by *Shakespeare*
 Tempest, by *Dryden*
 Tunbridge Walks, by *Baker*
 Troilus and Cressida, by *Dryden*
 Titus and Berenice, by *Otway*
 Taming of the Shrew, by *Shakespeare*
 Venus and Adonis with Myrtillo
 Venice Preserv'd, by *Otway*
 Volpone, or the Fox
 Ulysses, by *Rowe*
 Woman's Wit, by *C. Cibber*
 Woman's a Riddle, by *Ballock*
 Woman's Revenge, or Match in Newgate
 Way of the World, by *Congreve*
 What d'ye call it, by *Gay*
 Wild Gallant, by *Dryden*
 Wife's Relief, or Husband's Cure
 Wife to be Lett, by *Haywood*
 Wonder a Woman keeps a Secret,
 Xerxes, by *Cibber*
 Zara, by *Aaron Hill*



F I N I S.